# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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## "UNCLE" GEORGE BURDICK PASSES AWAY AT KANE

### Died at Home of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick on Tuesday.

### HAD PASSED HIS 91st BIRTHDAY

**One of the Most Lovable Old Gentlemen in the County Goes to His Reward Above—Spent a Long and Useful Life in Norwich Township—Burial at Colegrove this Afternoon.**

George W. Burdick, one of the oldest and most lovable men in the county, died at the home of his son, Dr. W. P. Burdick, in Kane on Tuesday afternoon, May 23, 1911, at the advanced age of 91 years, one month and 6 days.

The cause of his death was paralysis, with which he was stricken but a few days previous to his death. Previous to that he had been in good health and he enjoyed a good mess of trout on Potato creek, where he was born and spent a long and useful life, on his 91st birthday.

George W. Burdick was born in Norwich township on April 17, 1820, and was a son of Rowland and Alvira (Webb) Burdick. He spent his boyhood days on the farm of his parents, and on August 3, 1842, he was married to Miss Sarah H. Griswold, and they spent a long and happy life together, until she was called to the mysterious beyond a few years ago. He is survived by an adopted son, Dr. W. P. Burdick, of Kane, and although he lived to a ripe old age his demise will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and distant relatives, for we do not know of a man in the county who was more generally beloved than he.

He followed farming and lumbering through his life and resided in the old homestead at the forks of the East and West Branches of Potato creek until his wife became an invalid and he was too old for active life on the farm, when the aged couple went to Mt. Jewett and resided with their son, Dr. Burdick, afterward going to Kane when Dr. and Mrs. Burdick moved to that place.

The funeral services were held in Kane this morning and his remains taken to Colegrove where he will be laid at rest beside those of his life helpmate in Colegrove cemetery.

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H. S. Rogers, a former editor of this paper, sends the following tribute to his memory which we gladly publish:

**In Memoriam.**

The final rest, the consummation of a well rounded life has at last come, and the sleep that seems eternal to man has wrapped its mantle about the being of George W. Burdick. The kindly eye with its ever friendly, merry gleam is closed, and the cheerful greeting of a soul attuned and in sympathy with the gladness of resurrected nature, is silent.

There may be but one purpose in this mortal existence and that purpose may be the training of man for higher spheres in love and in appreciation of the beauty and glory of the works of God. The nearer approaches to that end are not exemplified in power, wealth or high estate of man, but in glory, love and beauty of simplicity; the ever ready helping hand, the cheering voice, the good-will and love of neighbor and of friend. These are the attributes and indices of fitness for a higher life—a life nearer to the hand of the Maker.

Uncle George Burdick was pure and innocent as the trees, blossoms and brooks that he loved well. The wild animals loved him, and even the squirrels were made pets at his old homestead on the Potato creek farm. But no more will these know him; no more will his foot-steps break the silence of the wilderness of other days.

He loved to picture and relate to his friends, by the fire-side, the scenes and experiences—some of them thrilling, indeed—of his earlier pioneer life in McKean county. His exploits as a hunter, his adventures in trips down the river on rafts, enterprises in prospecting for coal; his knowledge of the woods and country at a time long ago when the wolves howled from the hills at night, when the streams were alive with speckled trout, when the deer herded with the cattle, and when the bear prowled about the clearing edge. Such were his themes. Oh, what days were these to such young manhood as his.

And that young manhood underwent the everlasting change to a beautiful old age, and that old age has at last succumbed to the inevitable end of man—the unfathomed, unanswered and unknown change—death.

With what patient fortitude, in his old age, he met the sufferings of his beloved wife, and life partner, when she was disabled and crippled by a fall in her declining years, can not be understood except by those who were intimate with them at the time; nor yet by others can it be known how tenderly and cheerfully he ministered to all her wants. She too, was trained in the school of self sacrifice and was a member of the Nobility of which I write—not the titled nobility but God's own nobility.

Before closing this poor tribute, I must say that about two years ago, the deceased, universally known as "Uncle George," lived with me a few months at the time of the removal of his son, Dr. W. P. Burdick, to Kane; and with what wonder did this old-school man of another generation, behold the marvels of airdlights, wireless telegraphy, and the telephone? He was almost afraid of the telephone. To have known this sweet old man intimately was a privilege, and to have lived with him for a few months seems like a favor from on high.

And in that rustic cemetery over there in Norwich township let the flowers of simplicity—the daisy and the butter-cup bloom in every circling May upon the mound whereon he and his loving, loyal helpmeet rest, for the Father smiled on Uncle George and led him from this world on a beautiful May day when all the earth was clothed with His Own transcendent beauty.

"At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the mossed headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone."

H. S. ROGERS.

Mt. Jewett, Pa., May 25th, 1911.

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### KILLED NEAR BULLIS MILLS.

**Farmer Clarence Searles' Rig Hit by A Pennsylvania Passenger Train Which Passed on Without Stopping.**

Clarence Searles, aged 40 years, a resident of Butternut Run, near Bullis Mills, was instantly killed last evening about 10 o'clock on the Geuders' Crossing between Bullis Mills and Eldred. Searles was crossing the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, when the Philadelphia flyer struck his rig and instantly killed him. A few minutes later an engine came along and the engineer noticed sparks flying along the rails and he stopped to investigate when he found the horses which Mr. Searles had driven kicking to free themselves from the wreckage. The man's body was found some distance away. The remains were taken to Eldred and Coroner Sherman of this city left this morning to investigate the case. Mr. Searles has a large farm at Butternut Run and is well known around that section of the state. He is survived by his widow and a large family of children.—Yesterday's Star-Record.

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### OLD INDIAN RELICS.

**Some Interesting Specimens Found Near Larabee and Coryville.**

E. S. Carpenter of Larabee was in town last Saturday and showed the writer a small stone hatchet he found recently while plowing on his farm in that place, and he stated that in a sort of a mound on his farm he had picked up several relics of Indian warfare. Among them was a much larger and more perfect stone ax, together with a number of arrow heads made from flint, which are in a good state of preservation.

He also stated that Geo. Gale of Coryville had an Indian pipe which was one of the most perfect specimens of Indian art he had ever seen and one which he considered very valuable. This pipe was found several years ago by his father, William Gale, and is prized very highly.

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### TRAVELLERS' CLUB BAZAAR.

**For Men, Women and Children—Next Thursday.**

The fifth division of the Travellers' Club invite you to patronize their Bazaar at Rubin's store, Thursday, June 1st, from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Bazaar will have things new and old. The new like a fair, the old like a rummage sale. As special attractions are a 5 and 10c counter, dozens of new handkerchiefs; fresh home made candy and ice cream.

Come one and all. There is something for everybody.

## OIL TANK STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT COLEGROVE

### No. 10 on Colegrove Brook Destroyed Tuesday Evening.

### FIRE WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

**The Tank Was Struck About Six O'Clock and Burned Until Daylight—Boiled Over After Midnight—Tank Contained Over 30,000 Barrels of Kansas Oil, Half of Which Was Saved.**

Tank No. 10, of the National Transit Company, the last tank up Colegrove brook, was struck by lightning during the severe electrical and rain storm which swept the Potato creek valley last Tuesday afternoon, about six o'clock and immediately caught fire.

At the time it was struck this tank, which has a capacity of 35,000 barrels, contained over 30,000 barrels of Kansas oil. The heavy downpour of rain had filled the trenches around the tanks so that in case it boiled over the burning oil would have run on top of the water and the trenches, which are made for such emergencies, would have been useless and all the tanks in that section would have, in all probability, been destroyed. To further add to the danger of a terrible fire, the big reservoir located a short distance above this tank on Colegrove brook was showing weakness on account of the sudden heavy pressure of water behind it, and for a time the situation was extremely grave.

Superintendent A. G. McAllister mustered into service every available man in that section and set to work draining the trenches near the burning tank, and re-inforcing the walls of the big reservoir where they needed it. Luckily the Kansas oil does not burn as intensely as Pennsylvania or Ohio oil and the gangs of men had time to complete their tasks before the burning oil boiled over.

In the meantime the lines to the tank were opened and oil was being drawn from the bottom of the burning tank by gravity into a couple of empty tanks on the Potato creek flats, kept for this purpose, and nearly half of the contents of the tank were saved in this manner. As soon as they got all the oil out of the tank they dared take, water was pumped into the bottom of the burning tank to save the bottom of it, and soon after that the oil boiled over the edges of the partially melted tank and ran into the trenches.

The burning of a tank of oil, especially when it boils over, is a beautiful sight, and hundreds of people from Smethport and along the Potato creek valley gathered in that vicinity to witness the scene. The sheets of flames shooting up into the dense, black smoke, far into the heavens, presented a sight long to be remembered, and the crowds watched into the late hours, fascinated by the entrancing scene. But, as midnight drew near with no signs of the boil-over, which is the crowning beauty of it all, many left for their homes. However, those who waited until the last were well paid for their long vigil. Shortly after one o'clock the long-looked-for boil-over came and the sight was the grandest to be conceived. Higher into the air shot the flames and then the liquid fire poured over the sides and into the mammoth trench. It surged over the first trench but the second trench held it and the danger of greater loss ended. Another boil-over followed in about half an hour, which was slightly smaller than the first, but just as beautiful.

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**Notice to Taxpayers of Keating Township.**

I will be in the following places for the purpose of collecting road taxes: Farmers Valley, May 26; Smethport, at Grange Bank, May 27; Ormsby, May 29; Simpson, May 30, and Davis, May 31.

A. G. FARLEY,
May18-2t Collector.

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**For Sale.**

First class oil country buckboard, nearly new. Inquire of

GEO. W. MITCHELL,
Apr.4-tf Smethport, Pa.

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**For Sale.**

Two rugs and two stoves. For particulars inquire of

May25-tf J. W. LEE.

### TWO MEN SHOT AT JAMES CITY.

**Macedonians From Morrisons Shoot Up Countrymen Last Saturday Night.**

Two Macedonians, George Nickel and Nedelco Kote, who have been employed in the woods at Morrisons, Pa., came to Kane Saturday afternoon and about five o'clock called at the home of a friend who is a baker that supplies camps of these men, and after insistent persuasion borrowed $4 from the baker which they said they wanted to use to buy shoes. They remained in Kane long enough after that to get a few drinks, and about 8:30 they arrived at James City, where they proceeded to a house which was occupied by a number of Macedonians and were greeted by their countrymen. They were not there long when they told their friends they wanted to go to Turkey and wanted money to take them there. This unusual demand was taken as a joke, but the constant demand for the money led up to shooting when they were told that they had no money to give them. The men then pulled out two revolvers and began to shoot, their fellow countrymen fleeing from the house and in all directions to get away from the flying bullets, but two met their fate. They were Tolo Nick, aged 35 years, who was shot above the heart, and Tony Tonoleo, aged twenty-one, who received two wounds, one in the foot and the other in the knee.

The scattering Macedonians had no weapons to defend themselves, consequently the men that did the shooting got away by dropping to the ground and crawling away through the thick brush in the vicinity of the shooting. The police of Kane were notified but as James City is located in Elk county, the only thing they could do was to notify the officials of Elk county who afterwards came to James City and made an investigation. Immediately after the shooting Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane, of the Kane Summit hospital, went to the scene of the tragedy and upon examining the injured men had them brought to the hospital where it was found that the man who was shot above the heart was seriously wounded with little chances for recovery as the ball could not be located, and an operation for same would lessen the man's chances for recovery. The other man's injuries are not serious and it is expected that no serious results will set in from his wounds. Upon inquiry at the hospital this morning we learned that Nick was resting as well as could be expected, and if nothing further sets in he might recover, but it was doubtful as the location of the wound and ball was in a delicate place.

The men who did the shooting have probably made good their escape, and the chances are they never will be apprehended as is usually the case, for after a foreigner of this kind immediately gets away he is seldom caught.—Kane Republican.

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### AT LAST.

It does now look as though after twenty odd years of delay, the narrow gauge railroad between Foxburg and Kane, and likely on to Mt. Jewett, will be transformed into a standard gauge road.

It is stated on what appears to be reliable authority that this is the intention and that the work will be commenced in earnest on Monday next. At any rate it is certain that additions have been made to the section gangs along the entire route within the present week, that between Mt. Jewett and Kane having been increased from two to seven, while it is reported that cars from which to constitute work trains are being assembled at Butler for that purpose.

It is given out as the intention of the B. & O., to re-lay the line with standard gauge ties, stiffen up the trestles, and have all ready for the shifting of the rails that this may be accomplished in one day's time, and by the latter part of July at the farthest.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

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**Seed Potatoes For Sale.**

Sir Walter Raleigh seed potatoes for sale at 35 cents per bushel. Also first-class eating potatoes at 50 cents per bushel. Telephone, write or call on

H. R. PATTERSON,
1f-pd Farmers Valley.

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Hyde, the Compressed Air Washing Machine man will give one more public demonstration in washing with compressed air, to-morrow at 2 p. m. Bring in your Sweaters and Fancy Waists and have them washed by the new process. 1t

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Subscribe for The Miner.

## PROGRAM OF MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES

### Under Auspices of McKean Post No. 347, G. A. R.

### CEREMONY AT ROSE HILL CEMETERY

**Parade Will Form on West Main Street at 2 p. m.—Schools, Firemen and Civic Societies Will Take Part—Officers and Committees Named.**

Next Tuesday is Memorial Day and it will be fittingly observed in Smethport, under the auspices of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., assisted by the Smethport Schools, Fire Department and the Civic Societies of this place.

The parade will form on West Main street, right resting on Marvin street, at 2 p. m., and march to the cemetery where the exercises will be held, weather permitting, and in case of rain the exercises will be held in the court house, and the graves of our honored dead strewn with flowers by a committee. Schools, Firemen and Societies are requested to report to the marshall, Hon. James A. McKean, for position in the line of parade.

The exercises at Rose Hill cemetery will open with music by the I. O. O. F. band. Introduction by President of the Day, F. D. Gallup, Esq. Prayer by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church. Music by the Glee Club. Post exercises by McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., E. R. Mayo, Commander. Reading of Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, by Guy H. McCoy. Music by the Glee Club. Oration by Sheridan Gorton, Esq. Music by the Glee Club, America, by the band and audience. Benediction by Rev. J. W. McGavern, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. The strewing of flowers by members of the G. A. R. and D. A. R.

The officers and committees are as follows:

President of the Day, F. D. Gallup; Orator, Sheridan Gorton; Marshal, Hon. Jas. A. McKean; Aides, Sons of Veterans, Spanish-American War Veterans, and Volunteers.

Committees: Program, E. R. Mayo, S. S. Provin, S. G. Buhs; Music, Dr. H. L. McCoy; Band, E. W. Strong; Flowers, Daughters American Revolution; Cemetery, S. G. Bush, Wm. Evans; Carriages, H. H. Redfield, S. E. Bell, Ralph E. Burdick, D. C. Young, Harry Rubin, S. L. Fry, H. DuChamp, Chas. McKean.

**Roster.**

The roster of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., on May 5, 1911, comprised the following:

Orin Brink, H. L. Burlingame, S. G. Bush, H. M. Choate, Asa Champlin, Jonathan Colegrove, J. C. Cunningham, N. F. Ferris, W. H. Grumbine, Jacob Hafner, G. W. King, G. W. Irons, J. M. McElroy, T. A. Morrison, E. R. Mayo, M. O'Reilly, J. H. Stull, Emil Thamm, S. G. Southwick, Harley T. Sawyer, S. S. Provin, Thos. R. Soule, J. L. Stanton.

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### LIVELY TIME IN THE HOUSE.

**Members of Legislature Narrowly Escape Riot Last Thursday.**

Harrisburg, Pa., May 20.—Not since the stormy session of 1901 has there been such disorder as occurred in the house of representatives at yesterday afternoon's session because of Speaker John F. Cox's refusal to order a call of the roll after he had announced his decision on a viva voce vote. The house was in a turmoil for almost five minutes and the mace, emblem of authority, was taken from its place for the first time in a decade to restore order. The speaker, in addition to using this extreme method of enforcing the rules of the house, ordered the lobbies cleared and the doors locked.

The trouble started over the joint resolution providing a constitutional amendment for the initiative and referendum. This was defeated on third reading by a standing vote and the speaker refused to accede to demands by Messrs. Baldwin, Beaver; Kelly, Allegheny; and Piper, Philadelphia, for a roll call. Shortly after a resolution was made by Mr. Billman, Berks, and indefinitely postponed. Messrs. Kelly and Baldwin denounced the proceeding, demanding a call of the roll and notwithstanding Speaker Cox's statement that he had already announced his decision remained on their feet declaring that they had asked for a roll call within the proper time.

The speaker passed on the next bill, but Messrs. Baldwin and Kelly continued to demand attention. Speaker Cox ordered them to desist, but they refused, and amid disorder Sergeant-at-Arms George B. Willis was ordered to restore order. Baldwin refused to sit down and Kelly also remained standing. By that time fifty of the members had left their seats and others were running across the hall to the scene when Mr. Schultz, Northumberland, who had started a fillbuster earlier in the afternoon, ran out of the aisle, saying that he would "punch some one." He took off his coat and several members attempted to quiet him.

While this struggle was in progress the mace was handed to the sergeant-at-arms, who presented it at Baldwin's desk with orders for him to sit down. Baldwin refused, and said he could be arrested, but not made to sit down. Meanwhile over half of the members and some of the spectators were gathered about the desks of the two members, while Schultz was shouting encouragement and trying to reach them.

Representatives Matt, Bedford; Von Tuckey, Crawford; Fahey, Philadelphia, and others told Baldwin to sit down, and the sergeant-at-arms informed the Beaver man that unless he subsided he would be the cause of a riot. Mr. Matt told Baldwin he was in danger of contempt and on this advice he sat down. The great hall was in an uproar and the speaker pounding with the gavel for order, could hardly be heard ten feet away.

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### UTILITIES BILL KILLED BY SENATE.

**Governor's Measure Defeated on Second Reading—Good Road Act Passes—Other Measures.**

Harrisburg, Pa., May 24.—The senate last night defeated the utilities bill, which came up for second reading. The vote was 17 to 29.

Governor Tener pledged the people he would try to have the public service commission bill, known as the utilities bill, adopted by the legislature. Its defeat, as had been predicted, came when it reached on the second reading calendar. After all sections had been read and some remarks had been made on the important measure, Mr. Yeyser of Philadelphia, called for the yeas and nays when the chair asked if the senate would agree to the bill on second reading. The vote resulted in 17 yeas and 29 nays.

The vote in detail was as follows:

Yeas—Adams, Alexander, Clark, Cooper, Endsley, Hall, Heacock, Herbst, Hunter, Jarrett, Judson, McNichols, Nulty, Powell, Shields, Wasbers, Weingartner—17.

Nays—Baldwin, Buckman, Crow, Catlin, DeWitt, Fox, Homsher, Jamison, Jones, Keyser, Kline, Knapp, Kurtz, Manbeck, Martin, McConnell, McIlhenny, McNichol, Miller, Morgan, Snyder, Sones, Sproul, Thomson, Tustin, Vare, Wertz—Wilbur, Wolf—29.

It was privately stated after the senate adjourned that the vote by which the bill was defeated will be reconsidered to-day, and that a motion will be made to refer the bill to the revenue commission of which Senator McNichol is chairman. The motion, it is said, will be adopted.

The upper house also voted to increase the salaries of the members of the senate and house to take effect at the next session of the legislature. The bill, which has passed the house and now goes to the governor, raised the salaries from $1,500 to $2,100 a year.

The Sproul main highway bill which provides for a system of main highways and reorganization of the state highway department was sent to Governor Tener to-night. The two houses of the legislature concurred in the report of the conference committee to-day and it only needs the signature of the governor to become a law.

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The "Rain Bow Kimona" was washed by the compressed air wonder washer last week, and the colors did not run together. No colors EVER run if washed by the Compressed Air system. Bring in your delicate fabrics Friday and be convinced.

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**For Sale or Rent.**

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 423,
Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

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**For Sale or Rent.**

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of

May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

# The Turban of Ben Yussuf

**A Silken Scarf That Held a Curse For Lovers**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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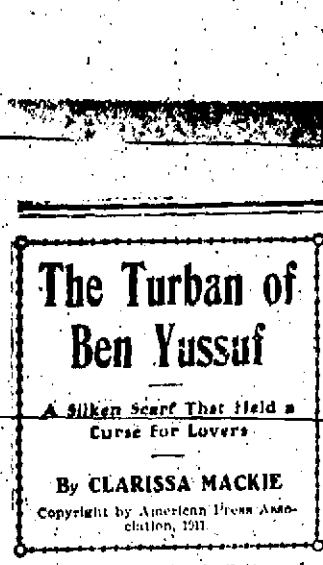
It was their last day in Cairo, and a camel ride had been planned for the evening. When the mid-day meal and luncheon chit-chat lulled a sedate dusky blue reflection of the heavens fell upon the narrow crowded streets.

As the great, shaggy beasts swayed away from the hotel Carrington turned to Miss Douglass, who rode beside him. "The desert, of course?" he asked.

She nodded gayly. "I want the desert to be my last memory of Egypt. Imagine leaving the mystery and the great silence of the desert, with its thousand undefined charms—the pure air, the cloudless sky and everything—for Chicago!"

"A traitor, a traitor!" cried Colonel Douglass from the rear. "Who would ask for fresher breezes than blow over Lake Michigan?"

Carrington laughed. "I will confess to being a victim to the desert's charms




"WHAT IS IT, JACK?" CRIED JEAN.

myself," he admitted, with a tender glance toward his fiancee.

"You are both foolish children," admonished practical Mrs. Douglass as the camels turned on to the broad stone bridge that spanned the river. They fell into silence after that, threading their way among the crowds that thronged the thoroughfare, the shrill cries of their dragomans mingling with the snuffling grunt of the camels and the chatter of the throng.

On the other side it was quieter, and as they paused for an instant upon the edge of the dim plain, drinking in the majesty of the silence and the darkness and the splendor of the star jeweled sky, Jean broke the stillness with a nervous little laugh. "I feel as though something was going to happen," she said.

"Nonsense," retorted her father good humoredly. "What could happen in the desert—if you were in Chicago, now, say—"

"Oh, father, please don't desecrate my last view of the desert with reminiscences of Chicago!" Jean covered her pretty ears with her pretty hands.

"Oh, very well, my dear! I suppose I may smoke?" The colonel's tone was one of patient resignation.

"Of course, father, and Jack and I will ride a little way on to the desert."

When they had advanced a hundred yards into the plain the lovers halted their beasts and sat silently, wrapped in the beauty of the night. A strange sifting radiance seemed to be diffused from the starry sky, and a sweet warm breeze stirred the hair on their uncovered heads. They could dimly see one another in the mystic light, and Carrington was in the act of expressing the tender words that lay upon his lips when a little cry from Jean startled him.

"What is it?" he asked, drawing nearer to her.

"Look!" she cried breathlessly. She pointed upward to where a small, thin cloud took form out of the darkness and seemed to hover over the girl's head. It writhed and twisted in the light breeze, and then, swelling softly, it settled upon her shrinking head in a clinging, sinuous embrace.

"What is it, Jack? Take it off. It is suffocating me." Carrington leaned over and snatched at the dark, cloud-like thing that had blotted out the face of his sweetheart, and it came away in his eager grasp.

"What is it?" she repeated in a frightened tone. "It was so stifling and yet it smelled of attar of roses and"—

"It seems to be merely a veil," returned Carrington practically; "probably lost by some Cook's tourist hereabouts. It has been at the mercy of the breeze for hours perhaps. You are not frightened now, dearest?" he asked tenderly.

"How silly of me to be frightened at all," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I must keep it as a memento of my last view of the desert. Put it in your pocket, Jack. It looked so mysterious settling down over my head like an ominous cloud. I told you I knew something would happen tonight. Something must happen out here in the mystery."

"It is an easily solved mystery, my dear," returned Carrington dreamily.

"Let us go back at once, Jack. I am very tired." There was a constrained note in Jean's voice now which Carrington noticed, yet he seemed to be enveloped in such a haze of delicious languour that he felt little concerned about the moods of his fiancee. It was a silent party that rode back to the hotel. Jean Douglass said nothing to her parents about the little adventure that had befallen her in the desert, and Carrington seemed lost in abstraction.

"My veil, Jack! Where is my veil?" Miss Douglass repeated the question impatiently as they parted in the lobby of the hotel.

Carrington thrust a hand in his pocket and drew forth a silky, clinging mass of green cloud. "Here it is," he said dazedly.

She snatched it eagerly and turned away, and as she did so Carrington put a hand to his head and stared after her with a perplexed frown. "She—she didn't say 'Good night,'" he muttered.

Safe in her room, Jean examined the green veil with eager intentness. It was about two yards long, of some soft silken tissue in a bright, rich shade of green. About the edge were bordered tiny seed pearls in a curious pattern. An intoxicating perfume of attar of roses stirred from the veil at every movement the girl made as she tried it on before the dressing table. "Jack acted so hateful about it," she thought pettishly. "I believe he wanted it for himself."

Several weeks later when the little party had reached Chicago the Douglasses went one way and Jack Carrington another, for since the night of their last day in Cairo an estrangement had arisen between the lovers, and all the tact and pleading of anxious parents could not dissuade Jean from the belief that her engagement to Carrington was a grave mistake. The young man was wretched at the unhappy outcome of his love affair, but he accepted Jean's ultimatum without protest and for awhile disappeared from her world.

Jean, apparently indifferent to the outcome of her love affair, resumed her place in the social world with her usual zest, yet there was a hard brightness about her beauty now and a strange coldness in her manner toward old friends. Not one could discover the cause of the change in her demeanor, and perhaps the girl herself would have found it difficult to explain the reason why they all seemed so dull and tame and commonplace to her, why the streets and the houses seemed plain and dingy and life itself so hard and practical.

Then came the Moogreland ball, which marked the end of the winter campaign. It came in early May, when even Chicago was awakened to the glory of the spring and Michigan avenue was a vista of green shaven lawns and gay with tulips and hyacinths.

Jack Carrington emerged from his shell of despondency for the evening and watched with wistful eyes when Jean appeared beside her mother early in the evening. They talked with Mrs. Moogreland, and then Jean became the center of a throng of eager youths. Carrington did not approach her, but he watched every movement of her lithe young figure with hungry eyes as she danced through the measures. She wore a gown of some silvery green tissue, and about her shoulders was draped a scarf of brighter green woven with fine seed pearls. Once she passed close to him, and a flying end of the scarf brushed his cheek, and the scent of attar of roses was almost overpowering. He turned away with a little shiver and crossed the hall to the library, where he threw himself into a huge chair before the fire and gave himself up to solitude and despair.

He tried to recollect some event of their last evening in Cairo that might have brought their estrangement to pass, but could think of nothing. There was the ride to the edge of the desert, their own little excursion into its mysteries and the descent of the mysterious green veil which had lain like a shadow over him even since. The ride back to the hotel was a blank—from the time he had thrust the green veil into his pocket until he had reluctantly drawn it forth in the lobby of the hotel. Then the cold face of Jean had come upon him like a douche. What had he done? What had he said that had brought about their estrangement?

Suddenly a draft of cold air stirred his hair, and he looked around the high arm of his chair. Jean had entered the room alone and was advancing toward the fireplace. He rose hastily.

"Jean!" he cried desperately.

The girl looked at him with a strange glitter in her brown eyes. "Don't speak to me, please," she said coldly. "You are disturbing my thoughts."

Carrington backed up against one corner of the mantel and surveyed the girl with troubled eyes. She moved to the chair he had occupied and sank into it with a weary little gesture. She looked into the fire with dreamy, abstracted gaze, and Carrington felt that she had forgotten his existence. He determined to remain in the room, for her strange manner alarmed him to a degree.

"It is very beautiful," she said at last.

"What is beautiful, Jean?" he asked with tender wistfulness.

She pointed a slender finger toward the heart of the flames. "The desert is very beautiful. It is mystical and charming. There is the pale flicker of the moonlight on the golden sands, the misty green of the oasis, the pearly tops of minarets, the scent of roses—it is all here!" She placed her hand on her breast and clutched the green scarf, which seemed to cling and tighten its hold about her white shoulders.

Carrington shuddered. It was quite evident that his sweetheart was losing her mind. He came toward her protectingly, but she put out a warning hand. "Do not come any closer. I am the Princess Alma—Alma—I have forgotten the name, but I am that princess of Egypt, and I am wedded to the desert—to its mystery and charm!" Her eyes closed, and, to Carrington's dismay, she lost consciousness.

At that instant the door opened again to admit an undersized, foreign looking man in a red fez. He was dressed in evening garments, and there was an air of refinement in his manner and in the delicately modeled face. He bowed politely.

"The lady," he said in English, "the young lady—Miss Douglass. She is here?"

"Miss Douglass seems to be ill," returned Carrington coldly. "She has fainted."

"Ah, she has swooned! *Poor miss!*" The man advanced to the fireplace and looked critically at the unconscious girl.

"If you will be so good as to bring water"— suggested Carrington shortly as he picked up Jean's fan and swayed it to and fro.

"If you will remove the green scarf from the lady's gown she will recover quickly," returned the man in a low tone, still staring at the girl's white face.

"I will ring for assistance, sir, since you refuse to aid me," said Carrington indignantly as he reached forward to press the button near at hand. But a swift hand intervened.

"You will not ring for assistance just now, sir. It is the green scarf she is suffering from. Remove it!" There was poignant anxiety in the stranger's voice.

"What do you know about it?" asked Carrington roughly.

"It was mine, it is mine! It belonged to a princess of the time of Amenemhat III. It possesses mystical properties. It is a curse for lovers. Since my first pilgrimage to Mecca I have worn it twisted in my turban. It was my right to do so—to wear the green turban—and months ago, when I was riding into Cairo, it became loosened from my turban and floated away on a vagrant breeze. Since then I have sought it by land and sea, and my search ends now!" He leaned forward with eager face as Carrington bent down and unfastened the pearl brooch that clasped the green scarf. The girl had pinned the silken thing over the laces that trimmed her bodice, and it came away in Carrington's fingers. As he tossed it to the Egyptian the man moved away, and Jean Douglass opened her eyes with a little start.

"It is very strange," she said, rising to her feet and glancing from one to another of the two men, "but I seem to have been asleep, and I have had such ridiculous dreams, Jack. I am quite hungry. Let us find mother first and then get some supper." She slipped her hand into Jack's arm, and he turned toward the Egyptian and nodded significantly.

"I thank you, sir," he said earnestly.

Miss Douglass watched their approach across the polished floor with

"IT IS A CURSE FOR LOVERS," SAID THE EGYPTIAN.

wide open eyes. "My dear children," she breathed gratefully as they came up to her, "I am so thankful you have decided to behave in a rational manner at last."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Jean calmly, looking at her mother in genuine surprise.

"I mean I am glad to see you have—oh, well, made it up after all," laughed the elder woman.

"But we haven't been quarreling at all. I don't see what you mean, mother. Jack and I have always been model lovers. We have never quarreled, have we?" She turned an appealing face to her lover.

"No," he said tenderly; "we never have quarreled. Come; let us go to supper."

As they moved away Mrs. Douglass followed them with anxious eyes. "Really," she murmured doubtfully to herself, "I am afraid Jack Carrington has been drinking!"

### Consequently Prosperous.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is, 'Always put off to tomorrow those you have done today.'"—Toledo Blade.

### A Dilemma.

"What's a dilemma?" asked one small boy.

"Well," replied the other, "it's something like this: If your father says he'll punish you if you don't let your mother cut your hair, that's a dilemma."—Independent.

# NATHAN

**And How He Became Peacemaker**

By Clarissa Mackie

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Nathan Kasky was small and thin and pale, with a little wisp of grayish brown beard on his fuzzy coat collar and two beady, black, patriotic eyes peering out from under the brim of his old derby hat.

He closed the door of his little shop and made his way toward the Brooklyn bridge.

Every night after supper he went there to smoke his ill smelling pipe and watch the jeweled radiance of the evening clad cities, the shadowy outlines of passing ships and the flashing evolutions of restless tugs and ferryboats in the river below.

Tonight his usual nook in the angle of the iron railing was occupied by the despondent figure of a man. As Nathan approached the stranger straightened himself and leaned eagerly forward, with one hand on the railing.

Nathan stretched out a pallid, dye grimed hand and touched the man's arm.

"Don't!" he cried excitedly from his scanty store of English words.

The stranger turned, and the electric light revealed that he was young and well dressed and, moreover, that he was handsome, although his face just now was bitter enough.

"What's the matter?" he demanded irritably.

"Excuse!" pleaded Nathan. "Peoples jumps sometimes."

The bitterness vanished in a pleasant grin. "You thought I was going to jump over?" demanded the young man.

"Yes, sir—excuse," and Nathan coughed deprecatingly behind his hand.

The little tailor stood in abashed silence beside his new acquaintance. He felt that now he should withdraw, but at the same time he thought that some kind parting word from him might lessen the misery of a wretched young man.

Nathan judged hastily. "Your wife—she has frown you out?" he asked with pity in his voice.

"It's worse than that!" The voice conveyed a meaning which the quickly spoken words did not.

The tailor's hand went into his sagging vest pocket and extracted a large purse. From this he brought a solitary silver quarter shining in the faint light. This he extended toward the young man.

"Here!" he said simply.

The stranger stared and then his own palm jingled with silver. "Not quite as bad as that, old man. Thank you just the same, though." He saw the greedy look in Nathan's eyes. "Is that all you've got?" he demanded brusquely.

"WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?"

The little tailor's purse went back into his pocket. "Yes, excuse—bizness iss bad," he said apologetically.

The other was beside him instantly. "Who are you—where do you live?"

Nathan explained brokenly and with gesticulations to take the place of words which he could not command.

"I'll go home with you now. You can mend my coat for me and press it. My waistcoat needs mending too. See—all the buttons are coming off!" The stranger fell into step beside Nathan Kasky, and his fingers twisted and tore at the buttons with vicious energy.

Once within the low browed shop, Nathan lighted his flaring gas jet and set the goose to heat over another flame. He adjusted a large pair of horn rimmed spectacles and snipped busily.

"Hafe you told your trubble to a polissman?"

"Good Lord, no! Why do you ask that?"

"Excuse! I hafe a little trubble onset. I loose me mine money—75 cents. I ask a freudt bass he seen any loose moneys and how I am trubbled, and he sess to tell my trubbles to a polissman." Nathan's voice was abjectly apologetic.

"What did the policeman say when you told him?" inquired the stranger with a carefully suppressed smile.

Nathan sighed and waxed his thread. "The polissman he sess, 'Gwanalong critic pincher,' but I thinks mebbe I could to hafe found it—polissmans iss fery grandt!"

After awhile Nathan broke the silence again. "It issn't a rife trubble und it ain't a money trubble—excuse! Mebbe it's your girl bass shook you?"

"You bet!" growled the young man unhappily.

"Your girl, she mebbe meant like yess when she said no," comforted Nathan as he poked busily among the pockets in the garments.

"She hasn't said a word—that's the trouble," groaned the stranger. And then he resumed, as if the mere utterance of the words were a relief to his overburdened mentality. "Had a fuss with her and wrote her a letter two weeks ago and haven't heard a word from her. Saw her with another chap the other day! I didn't know she was quite so flighty."

The tailor followed the rapidly spoken words with a knitted brow and puzzled understanding. For several moments he vainly endeavored to extract some meaning from the fragmentary phrases; then with a doubtful shake of his untidy head he said sympathetically:

"Girls iss der deffil, I expect."

But the stranger made no reply. He was gazing moodily down at the floor, and his thoughts were far away from the little tailor shop.

Nathan stitched away for awhile, his thoughts intent on the troubled young man who had followed him home that he might throw work into the tailor's idle hands. He understood that the stranger had had trouble with some girl. It appeared that she wouldn't speak. This was an amazing state of affairs—a woman who wouldn't speak. Nathan's neighbors never could complain of that. Their wives spoke at all hours in all languages and with varying degrees of emphasis.

"Mebbe she iss loving somebuddy else. I knew a girl mit a love for somebuddy what she wassn't promised to, und she died of der love." He shot a speculative glance at the down bent head and repeated, "Mebbe your girl iss loving mit somebuddy."

"Cheerful ideas you have. Sort of a Job's comforter you are," ejaculated the stranger, rising and coming forward into the light. "Don't worry about my affairs, old man. I dare say you have troubles of your own."

"It iss der bizness it iss dull," remarked Nathan. "I don't bother mit lovings. I ain't got no time."

Nathan bent over the handsome gray coat in his lap. He was thinking that it needed very little mending. Indeed, it appeared to be almost new, and the creases were yet in the sleeves. He turned the pockets inside out, hoping that some undiscovered tatters might justify his charging a dollar for the job. A dollar meant food for an entire week.

Suddenly his hand slipped through one of the breast pockets and went down to the bottom of the coat. Something stiff and hard was there, and he slowly drew forth a large square envelope—a letter sealed and stamped and addressed. Nathan could not read English, but his keen mind made instant connection between the unhappy young man, the girl to whom he had written and who had remained so silent and the letter reposing in the coat lining.

"A letter here iss," he said, simply extending the missive.

"Where did you find it?" asked the young man without looking any other to take it.

The tailor explained that the letter had evidently slipped down within the coat lining, where doubtless it had reposed for many days. The young man's face grew pale, and with a sudden snatch he took the letter and glanced at the address.

"Great smoke!" he yelled excitedly. "No wonder she never answered my letter she never had it. Where is the nearest telephone—the drug store at the corner? I'll be back in a moment!"

Hatless and coatless the stranger fled, while Nathan watched anxiously until his flying steps had taken him out of the areaway and down the greasy pavement. Then he returned to his seat on the table and his interrupted sewing.

"He iss mit all kinds of trouble," he murmured sadly as he mended the torn pocket. "First it's girls und it iss a letter, und he speaks mit strangeness about all things. I couldn't ask a dollar for so little a job." He sighed and got down to press the garment carefully.

Presently the young man dashed back again, his face radiant, his eyes shining with happiness.

"Hurrah, Nathan! You're my mascot all right! I shall never lose you again. I'll bring all my duds for you to mend and keep in order, and I'll send all my friends. Say, she never got the letter at all. Of course she couldn't, you know. It was in my coat pocket, and if you hadn't spoken to me at the bridge and offered me money and sympathy and if I hadn't followed you here the Lord only knows how long Mabel and I would have been separated or whether we would ever have come together again. Coat ready? There. I'll put it on. Now, here's my address, and this is for you. Don't mention it. Yes, I called her up, and she's as sorry as can be, and I'm going to get up there as soon as I can."

He slipped into his coat, crammed on his hat and thrust a bill into Nathan's grimy hand.

"She iss speaking once more?" asked the little tailor after a dizzy glance at the bill in his hand.

"Well, rather!" The young man flung his arms around the astonished Nathan's neck and waltzed him around the shop. Then he flashed out of the door and disappeared into the night.

"You're gettin' rich," remarked the keeper of the delicatessen shop when he changed a ten dollar bill for Nathan Kasky.

"I mendit a coat for a crazy man," explained Nathan, with solemn joy.


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State Treasurer—John O. Sheb.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.
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Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—K. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. B. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. M. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hyde.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

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Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Constable—U. H. Foote.
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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 369, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 12:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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*McKean County Miner*

Smethport, Thursday, May 25, 1911.


### Local and General.

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Don't miss the good things on the candy counter at the Bazaar.

—A new cement walk is being laid around the Lyceum property.

—Come and have one—"A Gallup Sundae"—at the Bazaar, Thursday, June 1st.

—Frank Holmes of Warren, an electrician, engaged in stringing the new wires on the Warren-Jamestown traction line, was electrocuted Monday afternoon near Frewsburg, N. Y. Mr. Holmes came in contact with a live wire which burned a hole into his head, and he was dead when taken down from the pole on which he had been working.

—His left lung pierced by one of the thills of a carriage as the result of a head-on collision with his bicycle, Lawrence Wheeler, 16 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wheeler of Olean, died at the hospital at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. James Morgan, driver of the rig, is being held on $1,000 bail on an open charge pending an investigation by the police justice.

—Too many of our children are allowed by their parents or guardians, to be out late upon the streets at night. They can learn no good there at such an unfavorable time, and those persons who are responsible for the conduct and morality of the children ought to be admonished and called to an account before some mischief is done.

—Three men were murdered and one fatally shot during a quarrel over a game of poker at Kaylor, a mining town near Kittanning, Sunday night. Dick Sendrick, a miner, it is alleged shot and killed his brother, Charles Sendrick, and Andrew and Roco Leopold Bralkis, two brothers, and also fatally wounded Walter Spanish. A large band of angry miners are hunting for the fugitive.

—Numerous black bears are seen by fishermen this year in the Scaffold Lick territory, and several reports reach us of sheep being killed by them. Charles Caskey reports one, a monster, last week, but of course didn't have any gun and wouldn't have shot it if he had. Black bear and deer hunting this fall in the big woods which reach down to within two miles of Port Allegany, will be fine.—Reporter.

—The Butler Times says: "The news that the people of Butler had subscribed more than $600,000 to a guarantee fund to be used in backing industrial establishments which would locate in the city, has spread throughout the length and breadth of the country to such an extent that almost from Maine to California have come letters from manufacturers who want a location in a live wire town and who are after information as to what Butler has to offer manufacturers, both financially and in the way of railroads, fuel and other facilities."

—Miss Eleanore Peregrine, a former Jamestown woman, is left $1,000,000 by the will of Walter Durrea, the New York capitalist, who died recently after living twelve years with a broken neck sustained in driving at Manhasset resort. It was Miss Peregrine who nursed him back to health in Bellevue hospital, New York, and then he made her his private secretary. Miss Peregrine is the daughter of John M. Peregrine, formerly a Jamestown liveryman, who lived at 208 McDannell avenue until his removal to Townville, Pa., last fall, and is known by many Jamestown people. She is about 45 years of age.

—Homesickness caused the death at Fort Niagara, N. Y., last Friday night of Roy English, aged 21, son of W. F. English of Portersville, Butler county, Pa. The young man enlisted in the Eleventh United States cavalry at Columbus, O., last September. English was sent to Fort Niagara in September. He became homesick and asked for a furlough. Being refused, he disappeared and was gone three months. When he re-appeared he was in ill-health and a few weeks ago he was sent to the hospital. The boy wrote to his parents of his desire to be at home and a few days ago the parents went there and secured an attorney to aid them in getting a discharge from the United States service. Proceedings in this direction were under way when the news of the

—Postal savings bank at DuBois, Pennsylvania's first station of the new Government investment service, has taken an upward step in the past month, and that office now ranks seventh in total amount of deposits. The leaders are all far Western states, where banking facilities are less extensive than in the Keystone state. Pennsylvania being the leading Eastern state, with a total of $9,886 on deposit, an average of $45.55 to the 217 depositors. In number of investors it ranks fourth, being outclassed by Leadville, Colo., Anaconda, Mont., and Norwood, Mass. Postmaster General Hitchcock, Monday, showed by official figures that per capita deposits last month were practically double those of the first month of operation. As depositors can convert their savings into United States bonds on July 1 and obtain an increased interest rate, with assurance of safety by registration, it is expected there will be further evidence of popular approval of the plan at that time.

young man's death was received.

—Something new in the window glass line, that of heating the flattening ovens with oil, will be tried at the Kervin plant, near Eldred, under the supervision of Thomas Kervin, president. A method of using oil to heat the flattening ovens and thus do away with the gas now used, will be installed before the fire goes out this season, on one oven, to see if it works all right. This will give the blowing room tanks the full head of gas, and thus where the flattening ovens formerly were a detriment to the blowing of glass, owing to the heavy consumption of gas, they will permit the blowing of glass all through the severely cold weather. Another improvement Mr. Kervin will inaugurate is a new system of heating the cutting room through the cold season. It now requires about a dozen stoves. A dynamo will be installed, which will generate enough electricity for lighting purposes when needed. The plant is already fitted with fans for the hot weather and it is expected that the fire will continue until August.—Olean Herald.

# OCEAN SHIP TRAPS

## Deadly Snares Laid For Its Prey by the Glutton Sea.

## KENTISH KNOCK IS PITILESS.

**This Treacherous Spot Is the Real Davy Jones' Locker—No Hope For Vessel or Man When Neptune Asks Toll at This Submarine Graveyard.**

"Davy Jones' locker," that perilous spot mention of which so often comes from the lips of sailors, is not shown on any ocean chart principally because it is not really a settled place, but if any ocean death trap deserved the title it is the Thames estuary.

The British naval authorities have a chart upon which is marked the position of wrecks, shown by black dots. On this chart the Thames mouth tract is a solid black spot. So numerous have been the wrecks the dots run together. The point where the black dots actually pile the one on the top of another is the Kentish Knock, and this is the place among all of the ocean danger spots that deserves the title of Davy Jones' locker.

At the Kentish Knock it is not keel shattering rocks nor piercing points of coral that wreck the ocean travelers. It is sand—treacherous, clinging sand—that grasps the doomed ship with a grip of steel and holds it firmly while the angry sea beats it to fragments. Many a vessel posted at Lloyd's as missing would be duly accounted for if the Knock sand would give up its prey. There is no hope for ship or man when Neptune asks toll at the Kentish Knock, for the nearest land is twenty miles away and the nearest lifeboat at Margate, thirty miles distant.

The sands of the ocean are far more dangerous than rocks. The sand banks extend over more space and therefore offer more points of contact than the rocks, which usually rise in slender pinnacles. The waters flow over the sands in smooth waves, and there are no warning breakers.

Next to the Thames mouth tract in point of danger is the Hooghly, the salt water river on which Calcutta stands. The most trying part of a large vessel's voyage from New York to Calcutta is the last few miles of this calm river. In this strange stream, in windless weather and flat calm water, vessels have been lost—dashed to pieces on the dreaded ever shifting sand banks by the force of the tides.

The sands grasp the keel of the marked vessel and she stops. But the tide moves on with relentless force, and the helpless ship is carried over on her beam ends. She careens over and founders with all on board. One of the worst shoals in the Hooghly bears the name of James and Mary. This was the name of a great Indian merchant ship wrecked on the sunken sand banks.

Another danger point dreaded by the master mariner has neither sand nor rocks, but a great submarine waterfall. In the English channel there is a point just beyond the Shambles bank where there is a sudden drop in the sea bottom. The channel tides sweep over the banks and down this sudden drop, creating rapids equal in fury to those of Niagara. The American ship Georgian foundered in Portland race, the name by which this danger point is known, and all hands went down with her.

Ships bound to New York from Europe pass near a deadly hidden shoal which runs out from Sable island, lying off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia. The shoal runs out for miles in five directions, like the fingers of a great hand reaching out for what it can destroy.

When the gales blow heavy seas boom upon the shoals with sufficient force to shatter the stanchest vessel afloat, and when the wind ceases the beaches are strewn with the bodies of those who have perished. The distance from the shore is too great and the surf too heavy for the life savers to reach a struggling vessel, and few lives are saved at this point. Ten vessels have been wrecked in this trap in a single week.

The rocky danger points in the ocean have nearly all been classified, and lighthouses have been erected on the most dangerous—except one. There is no lighthouse on the Virgin rock, and there never will be.

Out in the mid-Atlantic this giant pinnacle rears its head up from the ocean floor and vainly seeks to reach the surface of the sea. It is short by about eighteen feet. There it stands, with its sharp point hidden by the ocean waves, waiting to pierce the bottom of some unsuspecting vessel and send it down to join the pile of ships' ribs and dead men's bones that litter the floor around its base.

The waves seem to be in league with the rock, for if a vessel of light draft tries to pass over its head the waves drop it down into a trough at the bottom of which the point of the rock is waiting to rip out its keel.—Harper's Weekly.

### It Was Easy.

"You didn't catch a single fish during your trip?"

"No, but"—

"Yes, you got lots of bites. And some big ones got away. But Jones went up there after you came home"—

"The big bluff!"

"Of course. But he caught the banner fish of the season."

"After that same fish had fattened himself on twenty-eight pounds of my bait! Why not?"—Cleveland Leader.

One can stop when he ascends, but not when he descends.—Napoleon.

# A WASTED SALUTE

## Naval Powder, Pomp and Splendor and a Fizzle.

## A SURPRISE FOR FARRAGUT.

**The Admiral, With His Assembled Staff, Was Under the Impression That He Was About to Greet a Military Guest, but He Was Mistaken.**

A group of officers were "swapping" stories at the Army and Navy club in Washington one night when one was reminded of an amusing incident that occurred in connection with the stay of the flagship Monongahela at Pensacola bay when Farragut was on board.

The old fighter had been very busy the week before paying official calls on the mainland, and among those who had entertained him was General Canby. When, therefore, word was received that the general would visit the ship the next day the admiral was determined to have everything in readiness to receive him in a style becoming his rank.

The old boat was scrubbed and holystoned from stem to stern, the brass work was given an extra rub, and things generally were put into the best of order. The captain of the marines had a special inspection of his company, and not a spot of rust or a dull helmet spike escaped his notice. When night closed in darkness settled down over a very clean ship and a very tired ship's company.

Bright and early the next morning the admiral's launch was sent off to bring the general aboard. At the last moment it was discovered that there was no fruit for luncheon, and Pomp, the admiral's cook, was sent in the dinghy to get some.

Pomp was a character in his way and had been with the admiral for many years. He was very proud of what he called his military bearing and wore his beard carefully trimmed to a point. His hair and beard were nearly white, and, although he was sixty years old, he ruled the other negroes with a rod of iron.

By 10 o'clock every one was standing by in full dress, when the quartermaster came aft and reported that the admiral's launch was returning. The officer of the deck walked to the rail and took a squint at the boat through his glasses. A man clad in blue uniform was seated in the admiral's cane chair in the stern, but as the gunwale struck him just below his shoulder and the awning hid his head the officer of the deck was not certain that it was General Canby until as the wind lifted the edge of the awning he caught a glimpse of a gray beard.

Word was passed that the general was coming. The crew were sent to quarters, the marine guard paraded, and the gun squad, detailed to fire the salute, took their stations. Everything was in readiness, and the admiral and his staff stood at the head of the gangway to receive the guest. A hush of expectancy settled over the ship.

The boat drew nearer. Just as the launch scraped alongside, boom, boom, came the salute from the guns.

"Present arms!" came the command to the guard, and at a sign from the flag officer the band struck up "Hail to the Chief."

Amid all this military pomp and splendor the occupant of the launch was slowly clambering, feet foremost, and just as the last gun was fired he stood erect at the top of the gangway. It was the admiral's cook with a bag of fruit in each hand! The honors intended for a general had been rendered to old Pomp! As the situation dawned on the men even discipline could not check a general shout of laughter. The old admiral himself laughed until he could laugh no longer.

It seemed that in some way the dinghy had gone off and left the old negro and that he managed to convince the coxswain that "Marse Farragut was jest bound to have dat fruit befo' the general came."

Pomp wanted to land at the port gangway, but the coxswain insisted that the admiral's launch never went to the port side and that the old man would have to land on the starboard side, aft. Had the awning been a little higher the mistake in identification would not have occurred. As things were, no one could be blamed, and the affair was treated as a joke, while the old cook was nicknamed the "General."

When an hour later General Canby did come he was received with all due ceremony and on being told the story laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks and demanded to see the man who had stolen his salute.—New York Press.

### Making It a Little Harder.

"You need exercise, violent exercise, that's what you need," a doctor once said to a woodsawyer. "What is your business, my man?"

"I'm a woodsawyer, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose you don't grease your saw for a month or so."—New York Press.

### One Idea of Heaven.

A man who has been in political life for a long time informs us that his idea of heaven is a place where a man who gets into office himself is not expected to find a public job for every body who voted for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

### No Room For Him.

Several relics of exceptional value and of unusual interest to archaeologists were discovered in a small town near Nuremberg, and as soon as the news reached him the director of the Nuremberg Historical museum went to the village and introduced himself to the mayor, saying:

"I am in charge of the museum at Nuremberg, and I'd like to"—

"You're too late, my good sir," interrupted the mayor. "We've already got here several merry-go-rounds, a bearded woman, a theatrical company composed of apes, a troupe of trained dogs and a band of Hungarian musicians, so you can readily see that we've got no room for your museum."

And with these words he nodded to the director and went away.

### Greenland's Exclusiveness.

Greenland, with its icy mountains, is very exclusive, and so far from inviting visitors, it even makes it inconvenient for tourists to land on the little bit of occasionally green land that surrounds its great heart of perpetual ice. Permission must be had from Denmark. Denmark is, indeed, very careful and conservative in the management of Greenland affairs. The trade there is monopolized by the state, and only government vessels are welcomed to Greenland waters. This is to protect the Greenlanders from unscrupulous merchants. The state also fixes both the price they shall pay for food and the price they shall sell at.

### Saves Time For His Wife.

They were discussing their husbands, neither of whom was distinguished for his domesticity.

"My husband amuses me," said the hostess, "by the excuses he has for being detained downtown of evenings. Sometimes I can almost hear his brain working out an excuse as he tiptoes up the stairs."

"My husband," said the caller, "is different. He is a very systematic man, you know, and some time ago he wrote out a list of various excuses and numbered them. Now, when he comes in he just calls up the stairs, 'No. 4,' or 'No. 20' or whatever the number may be."—Judge.

### Why He Remained Home.

Meddle—Husband thoughtfully—Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years and never spent a night away from home yet.

Doubting Thomas—Large and interesting family, eh?

"Only three of us."

"Have one child, eh?"

"No; the other is my wife's mother."

### Up to Them.

Newedd (showing house)—This is the place we're to live in. My father-in-law furnished it. Friend—Furnished it? Why, I don't see so much as a kitchen chair. Newedd—You don't understand. He furnished the house, but he expects me to furnish the furniture.—Boston Transcript.

### Tears That Tickle.

If you are feeling downhearted tell your sad story to a fat man and get him to crying about it. If the tears rolling down his vast expanse of cheek fail to make you laugh, you know where the river is.—Atchison Globe.

### Well Known.

Blobbs—Is Hardupp pretty well known in your town? Slobbs—I should say he is. He's so well known he can't even borrow an umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry.—Mitchell.


IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.



Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS



Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. 33 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $1200 to $4000.00. Will be glad to show prospective buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,

Agent.

ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.



Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

One odd horse, 9 years old, good single or double. Phone 148-L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,

Mch.2.tf. Smethport, Pa.

FOOTSORE AND WEARY?

Don't need to send for a remedy—it isn't a corn cure, either, simply rightly made, fit-the-feet kind of shoes, of which we have an ample supply. Look in our windows, look at our shoes, try them, buy them and the shoes will "make good." The latest styles, as well as comfort, govern our buying. Prices right.

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,

The Shoe Men,

Smethport, Penna.



COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

FREEDOM

from adulteration of any kind and the knowledge that you are getting only the choicest wines and liquors procurable are assumed when dealing with this store. We attribute the growth of our business to the fact that we have studiously refrained from selling anything but the purest and finest of aged wines.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,

Smethport, Pa.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 25, 1911.


Both branches of the State Legislature will adjourn finally tonight.

Governor Tener Thursday signed the School Code measure which the day before passed the legislature, and the reconstruction of Pennsylvania's school system will begin as soon as practicable. The measure is called the most complete codification of school law in any state in the union, and it is generally expected that it will end most, if not all, the difficulties long attendant on the present system.

The Senate passed finally the Klump bill fixing the pay of election officers. Judges of election are to receive $10 for each election and the other officers $7.50 each, no matter how much time they put in making up the returns. The same compensation will be paid for the primaries. It is doubtful if election officers could be secured under the old compensation act. In former years there were elections in February and November.

The fatal accident that occurred in Paris, France, May 21, in which the French Minister of War was killed, and the Premier of France, along with several other prominent Frenchmen, were severely injured by a flying machine, will serve to emphasize the imperfections of the present efforts of man aimed at the conquering of the air. The French War Minister is the most notable victim of air flight in the past several years. As the head of the French army, he had gone to witness this particular trial of the flying machines for the purpose of finding out just how practicable this mode of travel was becoming, and to what extent it should be introduced into the French military establishment. His having met his death in actual service for his country is a matter of honor to his country and a credit, and consolation to his family. No other event in the current history of aviation will be of more profound effectiveness in causing the most strenuous efforts to safeguard the flying trials of the future. From the suddenness and terrible results of this particular accident the public of the world will be duly impressed with the potential possibilities of serious accident bound up in the frame of each and every form of air craft, and the legislative power, and inventive ability of man will be directed to the remedying of the existing defects.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The resignation of Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson was a surprise to the public that not those who were in his confidence. Mr. Dickinson's relations with the administration have been entirely cordial and harmonious. He resigned because of business demands upon him in his home state—Tennessee. He entered the cabinet, as subsequent events proved, at a considerable sacrifice, relinquishing a salary as an attorney for a railroad company twice that of his federal office, and since he has been with the Taft administration he has had the misfortune to lose a large part of his fortune, which he will now endeavor to retrieve. Those who know the facts are assured that there is not the slightest political significance in the step he has taken.

Henry L. Stimson, of New York, who succeeds Mr. Dickinson as Secretary of War, first came into national notice as the Republican candidate last summer for governor of New York, who was nominated in the convention by former President Roosevelt. President Taft, as soon as Mr. Dickinson indicated his earnest desire to quit the cabinet, was predisposed to Mr. Stimson, but consulted Senator Root who heartily approved the idea of the appointment. He has had no experience in military affairs, but as an active and leading member of the New York bar, his practice has embraced considerable relation with governmental affairs.

Something unique and indeed aboriginal in the way of a petition has reached Congress. It has come to Speaker Champ Clark and bears 66 signatures in what looks like blood—every name in red.

It is a protest from the Chippewa Indians of the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota against what they allege is an attempted legalization of fraudulent land sales of their reservation. The signatures are in the prints of thumbs dipped in pokeberry juice. The first name signed to the document is that of a chief, Mayzhuc-he-gwon-nobe.

The first Congressional directory for the Sixty-second Congress presents its usual interesting disclosures as to the personnel of the membership of the two Houses. Examination of the biographical sketches of members shows the notable fact that average age of members of both houses is younger than usual, and that this lowering of the average age has come largely through the Democratic gain made at the last election. The oldest Senator continues to be Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, who is just four months older than Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois. The youngest Senator is Luke Lea of Tennessee, who was thirty-two April 12, and who is with one exception the only Senator under forty years of age. The next youngest is Senator Nathan Pailmon Bryan of Florida, who is seven years older than Mr. Lea. There are just forty members of the House who are under forty years of age, and 36 of these are Democrats. The youngest is William Francis Murray of Massachusetts, who succeeded John A. Kellher from one of the Democratic districts of Boston. The next youngest is Byron P. Harrison, of one of the Gulf Coast districts of Mississippi, who succeeded Eaton J. Bowers. Murray will be thirty years old September 7, while Harrison will reach thirty August 29th. General Isaac R. Sherwood, representing the Ninth (Toledo) Ohio district is the oldest member. Gen. Sherwood will be seventy-six Augsut 13. The next oldest is former-Speaker Cannon, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on May 7, according to accounts of his realization of the event, by dancing a jig.

It is also interesting to observe that the chairman of many of the important committees are young men, much younger than has been the average. Senator Penrose, chairman of the committee on Finance is fifty. Oscar W. Underwood, chairman of the committee on Ways and Means had his forty-ninth birthday just the day before Uncle Joe Cannon danced into his. John J. Fitzgerald of New York, chairman of the committee on Appropriation, is just thirty-nine, although he has served ten years in the House. The average age of the thirteen Democrats of the Ways and Means committee is forty-five, while the average age of the seven Republicans is fifty-eight. Former-Chairman Payne is sixty-eight. Daizell and Hill of Connecticut, are just two years younger. Members of the committee who are under forty-five are: Harrison of New York; Kitchin of North Carolina; James of Kentucky; Hughes of New Jersey; Hull of Tennessee; Peters of Massachusetts; Palmer of Pennsylvania; and Longworth of Ohio.

## WHY GROW WORMY APPLES?

There is no need for excuse for the fruit growers of Pennsylvania who choose to produce fruits of inferior or defective quality. The 240-location Orchards and 2,000 Model Spray-ision Orchards, which have been established by Doctor Surface in the Division of Zoology of the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, are so scattered over the state as to be available to all our citizens.

In all these orchards spraying has recently been done for the suppression of scale insects. The next campaign is against that arch enemy of the pome fruits—the apple, pear and quince known as the Codling moth, which makes the worm apples in such profusion.

Three years ago it was proven clearly in the Demonstration Orchards of the various counties of this state, as at the Huntingdon Reformatory orchard, and the Berks County Almshouse orchard, that apples can be grown here which are ninety-eight per cent. free from blemish or injury by insects or plant diseases.

Many visitors in the Demonstration orchards saw this at the fall meetings for the study of results. Now the campaign is to be extended as soon as the apple blossoms fall, and every person willing to go but a few miles will have an opportunity to see just how this is done.

The poison that will be used for the suppression of the Codling moth, the Curullo, the Canker worm, and other chewing insects, is the arsenate of lead, using two pounds in each fifty gallons of liquid. With this, a fungicide to be used for the prevention of plant diseases,—such as the rots, blights, smuts, rusts and mildews,—will be the dilute lime-sulfur solution, made the same as for the San Jose scale, by diluting it with cold water forty times for the pome fruits (or apple, pear and quince), and one to one hundred, or one gallon in one hundred of water, for the stone fruits.

The time for spraying is just after the blossoms fall, and again in one or two weeks. The most important point of these coming demonstrations is that for the first time the more convenient, cheaper and more satisfactory dilute lime-sulfur solution will be used, instead of the Bordeaux mixture. By this there will be less liability of russetting or burning the fruit, and a considerable saving of time and expense.

Spraying for pest control has reached a very definite and practical basis when it can be announced to our citizens, as now, for the first time, that only two preparations, viz., the strong lime-sulfur solution, and arsenate of lead, constitute practically all that they need to keep in store for the suppression of nearly all the pests of trees.

Further announcements of the exact dates of the Demonstration meetings will be made regularly through the public press. Our readers should watch for these.

## SOUTHERN CIRCUS TO INVADE THE NORTH.

E. Haag, proprietor of the Mighty Haag Shows, which exhibit in Port Allegany, Thursday, June 1, is considered the Circus King below the Mason and Dixon line has decided in his sixteenth transcontinental tour to come north of the Mason and Dixon line, being the first time the big southern circus has ever been out of its own territory.

The invasion will be watched by jealous eyes by the big northern kings of circusdom, and a big novelty is in store for the northern people as they will have a chance to see the southerner as he really and truly is in all phases of his life, as the show is managed, directed, owned and all departments are peopled by southerners only.

There will be real southern beauties riding blue ribboned Kentucky bred horses; the southern colonel will be in existence, with his wide brimmed hat, together with the "yes sah" that has made the southerner famous.

Mr. Haag also claims to have the finest sixteen head of Kentucky mules which are world renowned, and will be of great interest to horsemen of this section. Taking it all in all a great treat is in store for the public wherever the Mighty Haag Shows exhibit.

## POST OFFICES ROBBED.

### Roulette and Mina Post Offices Were Entered by Burglars.

The postoffices at Mina and Roulette were robbed early Monday morning, the yeggmen securing, according to report, three or four hundred dollars. At Mina it is supposed that they broke in about midnight. The postmaster there had the valuables placed in a box in a trunk, which the burglars rifled.

After leaving Mina they proceeded to Roulette, where they gained admittance into the postoffice, and blew open the safe. The force of the explosion was so great that the door of the safe was blown through a window in the side of the building. The glass in front of the boxes was shattered, and other damage done. The burglars made a hurried exit, but secured all the valuables except a few one-cent stamps.

A man living next to the postoffice was awake at the time, and noticed some one prowling about one of the stores on the opposite side of the street, but did not know there was anyone inside the postoffice until the explosion. The sound of the explosion awakened many, and soon the street was full of excited people viewing the damaged building.

There are no clues as to the identity of the burglars, but it is supposed that they went up Lanigar creek to Liberty, where it would be possible for them to catch a freight and get away. It is supposed that three men were engaged in the robbery.

At Mina the thieves took $240 in stamps, and $47 in money. At Roulette they were not so successful, for after blowing the safe they were unable to secure any large amount.—Port Allegany Argus.


# May Real Estate List is Now Ready For Mailing.

Our May real estate list is printed and ready for mailing. For a two-cent stamp a copy will be sent to you by return mail. In it are described hundreds of bargains in farms, village properties, timber lands, oil properties, stores and business propositions. If you want to buy or sell, you need our May list. Send a stamp and request TO-DAY and be certain of receiving a free copy as the edition is limited.

**Herrick Agency,**
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.


## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids or proposals will be received by the Commissioners of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at their office at Smethport, Pa., up to 10 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, June 10, 1911, for the erection and construction of the stone and concrete substructure and the steel super-structure for a bridge over a branch of the Kinzua Creek, in Hamilton Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, according to plans and specifications on file in the Commissioners' office, Smethport, Pa.

Each proposal or bid must be for the completion of the bridge, ready to travel over.

A certified check, drawn on some McKean County, Pa., financial institution in the sum of one thousand ($1,000.00) dollars, payable to the Commissioners of McKean County, Pa., without condition, must accompany each bid or proposal. Said certified check is required as a guarantee of good faith, and will be forfeited to McKean County, Pa., by any bidder who fails to enter into a contract and to furnish the proper bond, as required by law, upon being awarded the work.

Bids or proposals will be opened at 11 o'clock a. m. the 10th day of June, 1911.

The county commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids or proposals.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., May 22, 1911-3t.

### For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,
Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

### For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.


## IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon; or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be glad to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged; some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

**IKE SIMONS**

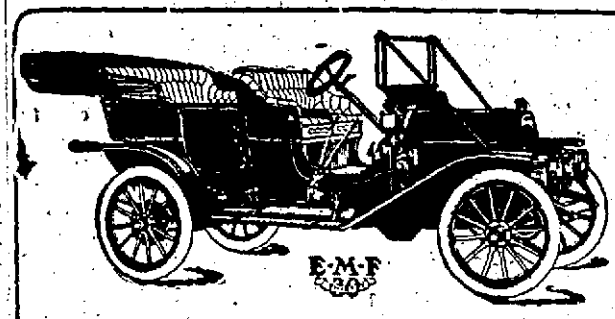
Big Double Clothing House

32-34 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

# H. W. RUBIN

## John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats $3.50 to $5.00 at H. W. RUBIN'S




## WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30— FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $50.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $5,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

**BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,**

Smethport, Penn'a.

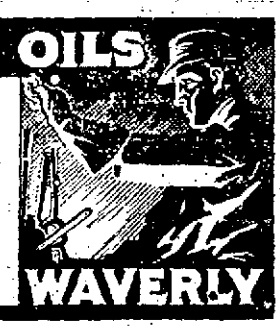
## GAS ENGINE OILS

Absolutely free from carbon. Light in color. Flows evenly, leaves no deposit.

**Waverly Gas Engine Oils**

will protect your engines. They are made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil, refined to perfection.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
*Independent Refiners*
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.




# AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

**Smethport Inner Tubes**

are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

**A Full Line of Sundries in Stock**

——Write us for Prices——

**SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,**
SMETHPORT, PA.

## YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

### Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

### Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

**The Lindholm Co.**

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



## WASH BOILERS
## SPECIAL SALE
## SAVAGE BOILERS

heavy

copper

large

— with patent cover

$1.00 allowed for old copper boiler

$.50 " " " tin "

Call and see them at

**DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE**



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 25, 1911.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Handkerchiefs of all kinds at the Bazaar.

—Don't forget the Rummage Sale at the Bazar, Thursday, June 1.

—Anderson & Carlson, the shoe men, have a change of advertisement in this issue.

—The girls of the "Nook" entertained Mrs. John Ruffalo Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Burg Chadwick gave a plate shower Tuesday evening for Miss Margaret Koenig.

—Geo. W. Mitchell has purchased a new Ford runabout of the agency of C. H. Reed, Bradford.

—For one day only, Thursday, June 1st, A Sarry Gamp (Camp) Smile. At the Travelers' Club Bazaar.

—Pineapple, strawberry, peach, cherry and chocolate Sundaes at the Bazaar, Thursday, June 1st.

—A new cement walk has been laid from Water street to the Kushequa depot. A. E. Hackett did the work.

—Dad Heath now lays claim to being the best fisherman in this section. He caught nine big fellows last Monday.

—A new cement crosswalk has been laid on Main street leading into Jones' livery barn. A. E. Hackett did the work.

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at the home of Mrs. J. W. Bouton on Main street, last evening.

—The Overland Limited of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific inaugurates its 68-hour Chicago-Frisco trips next Sunday.

—Miss Margaret Koenig entertained a number of her friends to a picnic supper Monday, May 22nd, in honor of her birthday.

—The Nook members entertained Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Ruffalo, who leaves Thursday for her home in Youngstown, Ohio.

—The Port Allegany Reporter is talking of enlarging its size. We congratulate Brother Laymon on having sufficient business to warrant the change.

—Mrs. John Saulpaugh entertained a number of friends at the "Nook" Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Ruffalo. An excellent luncheon was served.

—The foundation for the Backus Electric Company's garage was completed last Saturday and work will begin on the upright part of the structure as soon as the tile arrive.

—Members of the Protected Home Circle are requested to be present at their next regular meeting, Tuesday evening, May 30, as important business is under discussion.

—There will be a baseball game on Decoration Day between the Smethport High School team and the team of the Western Commercial Academy of Olean, at Kane field, this borough.

—Next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church the subject will be "The Truth Shall Make You Free." In the evening, Rev. S. A. Morse, D. D., District superintendent, will preach.

—In the case of Carson vs. The Allegheny Window Glass Company, of which Hon. R. W. Hilton of this place is president, the supreme court dismissed the case and placed the costs on the plaintiff.

—The Crosby baseball team went to Norwich last Sunday and defeated the team of that place by a score of 12 to 8. It is said to have been a very interesting game and a return game will be played in the near future.

—The next session of the Pomona Grange will be held at Crosby on Wednesday, June 7th. H. G. Teagarden of Punxsutawney, chaplain of the State Grange, is expected to be present as one of the speakers.

—Miss Rachel Mayo and Mrs. T. H. Morrison gave a six o'clock dinner and variety shower Wednesday evening at the home of the latter, in honor of Mrs. John Ruffalo of Youngstown, Ohio, and Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford.

—Elisha Kane has purchased two cars from the B., R. & P. railroad, the cars being from the Silver Creek road recently purchased by the B., R. & P. These cars are in use on the Kushequa, and will add greatly to the comfort of passengers on the road.

—In the case of Annie M. Cobb vs. Bradford township, which was carried to the Supreme court by the township, after she received a verdict of over $5,000 in this court, the Supreme court reversed the decision of the lower court.

—James Farley was arrested by Detective Jones here on Monday on information furnished by Portville authorities, on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretenses. Later the word came from Portville that they had described the wrong man and Farley was released.

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton gave a Japanese tea and a variety shower at her home on Water street Monday evening in honor of Mrs. John Ruffalo of Youngstown, Ohio, when she entertained the members of the Nook. The dining room was decorated in Japanese lanterns, parasols, etc.

—News reached here late yesterday afternoon that Oman Warner, who was taken to the Warren Hospital for the Insane a few weeks ago, died there yesterday. George Warner, father of the young man, was on his way there at the time in answer to a telegram that he was dangerously ill.

—John Anderson, a knight of the road, got drunk on Monday and made himself a nuisance by trying to sing and frightening children on East Main street. He was arrested by Officer Harold McCarthy and lodged in the lockup. After he got sober he was released and ordered to leave town, which he did.

—A citizen and member of the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania, was arrested May 17 at Wildwood and brought before Justice of the Peace J. B. Forrester of St. Marys for having trout in his possession less than six inches. Defendant was fined $20 and costs, which he paid. Arrest was made by J. E. Conklin of Bradford, District Fish Warden.

—From last Thursday until Tuesday afternoon was the hottest weather we have had in May in this section in many years and it is doubtful if it has ever been more oppressive at this time of year in this section. The thermometer registered at least 90 each day and at one time it is said to have reached 96. The heavy rain Tuesday afternoon gave great relief to suffering humanity.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church elected the following officers for the ensuing year at the monthly business meeting held May 18: President, Neh Gleason; 1st vice president, Olive Richards; 2nd vice president, Howard Brownell; 3rd vice president, Vera Freeman; 4th vice president, Eugene McGowan; treasurer, Claude Igons; secretary, Marjorie Gleason; organist, Nolane Kidder.

—The directors of the First National bank met Tuesday and declared a three per cent. dividend of the earnings for the past six months, besides adding $1500 to the surplus. This is a good indication of the success that is attending the management of the local institution—Eldred Eagle. H. H. Redfield of Smethport is the president of this bank and a good share of this stock is owned in Smethport.

—Arrangements are being made to hold the next Pomona Grange picnic at Coryville on Thursday, June 22nd or 29th. Efforts are being made to secure Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin as speaker for the day. Senator LaFollette is one of the most prominent men in the public life of to-day, and is a candidate for the nomination for President on the Republican ticket at the 1912 election. The Grange will be fortunate if he can be secured as their speaker.

—One of the worst electrical and rain storms that we have had in years visited this section Tuesday afternoon, lightning struck in many places, doing considerable damage, and the rain came down in torrents and tiny brooklets were transformed into veritable rivers. There was a sort of cloud burst in Christian Hollow, and Walcott brook which empties into Potato creek near Crosby overflowed to such an extent that water flowed over the road a foot deep for nearly a quarter of a mile. However, little damage was done by the flood.

—The new Camp of Modern Woodmen of America held a preliminary meeting at Holder's hall last Saturday evening and perfected a temporary organization. State Deputy Head Council, M. H. Wyckoff, was present and delivered a short address. Jasper Wormer, Council, and S. O. Barnum, Clerk, of Shinglehouse Camp were present. About forty members were present but owing to the fact that the charter did not reach here the regular organization will be formed next Saturday when it is expected that the camp will start off in a flourishing condition.

—Sherman Cowden, a liveryman of Straights, Pa., with a party of four people from Instanter, Pa., narrowly escaped death this morning while driving across the tracks of the B., R. & P. railroad, near Rasselas, Pa. Cowden was warned of the approach of the northbound train and stopped his team until it had passed. He then drove upon the tracks without noticing the approach of another freight train which was southbound. A deep cut hid the train from view and the locomotive struck Cowden's team, killing both horses and throwing the occupants of the wagon to the ground. A few seconds later, the collision would probably have resulted in a dreadful fatality. The Instanter people escaped with a few painful bruises.—Yesterday's Star-Record.

—Upon an invitation from the Port Allegany Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, seventeen members of that order from Smethport and vicinity attended a meeting in that place on Monday evening. Two candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the order, after which a very pleasant social evening was spent, which included a most delicious lunch. All returned home at a late hour feeling that they had been royally entertained by their brothers and sisters of Port Allegany. The visitors were: Mrs. R. E. Burdick, District Deputy Worthy Grand Matron, who paid an official visit, and R. E. Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Mrs. Flora Hogarth, Mrs. J. W. Bouton, Miss McAllister of Phoenix Chapter, Miss Russell, Worthy Matron, and Miss Frances Russell of Keystone Chapter, Duke Center, Pa.

### PERSONAL MENTION

Dr. J. V. McAlpin was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Archie Cohn of Bradford was a visitor in town on Monday.

Scott Connolly spent Sunday with relatives in Coudersport.

M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town last evening.

County Detective E. W. Jones was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Mrs. John Ruffalo left this morning for her home in Youngstown, O.

Miss Hazel Stickles has left for Albany, N. Y., where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Emma Stark left Monday for Wyoming, N. Y., where she will visit friends for about six weeks.

Lloyd Richmond of Genesee was a business visitor in town Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning.

Miss Mate Connolly attended "Madame Sherry" in Bradford Tuesday evening, the guest of Miss Margaret O'Connor.

Mrs. William Evans returned home Saturday evening, having been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Welch, of Olean.

Miss Mabel Lyle, who is attending Clarion State Normal school, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lyle, on Mill street.

Mrs. Grim Curtis of New Castle, who has been visiting her daughter, Miss Margaret Curtis, for the past two weeks, left Tuesday for Buffalo, where she will visit before returning to her home.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin left yesterday for Buchanan where they will visit relatives. Mr. Hamlin will visit New York City on the trip.

Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, C. M. Melville Gilbert, H. H. Redfield, Guy H. McCoy and J. L. Morrison were in Franklin, Pa., this week attending a meeting of the first Diocesan convention of the Erie Diocese of the Episcopal Church. They returned home last evening.

Mrs. Margaret Murphy returned the first of the week from Dover, Del., where she has been visiting her son, Warren Dersdale, for the past six months. She was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Dersdale, who returned to Dover yesterday. Mrs. Murphy, who is 87 years old, is the oldest lady in B.


**Millinery for Spring.**

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the right correct things in ladies' headwear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.



*Westbrook Academy*

This School will begin its

THIRTIETH YEAR

September 5, 1911. Attendance limited to 100 students. New Catalog is ready.

Special inducements to early applicants.

E. D. Westbrook, Prin., OLEAN, N. Y.

**COME ON IN**

and examine our splendid line of WASH SUITS for Boys from 3 to 10 years old. A bewildering array of styles and colors at small prices.

75c to $2.00

make your selection now, while the stock is at its best.

BOYS and CHILDRENS Straw Hats

to match any color Suit. 25c & 50c.

——AT——

MONHEIMER'S



Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

## STORE CLOSED DECORATION DAY

## A NEW COLLAR for MEN

GLENROY a new Arrow Brand Collar for Summer is here—— GLENROY is a combination of beauty and comfort in a folded collar.

It is made with the oval buttonhole and the Arra Notch allowing it to be put on and off with the greatest ease.

GLENROY allows the Cravat to slide freely. It's Arrow Brand quality all through.

It's the collar you ought to have. 15c each 2 for 25c.

## WASH GOODS BARGAIN

Odd lots of printed wash goods are offered this week at economy prices.

Three lots as follows:

| 8c yd. | 15c yd. | 28c yd. |
|---|---|---|
| Worth up to 15 | Worth up to 25 | Worth up to 50 |

## SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING

Commencing Tuesday, June 6th, this store will be closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on these days closing time will be 9 P. M. and 10 P. M. respectively.

**FRY & COMES**

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.



PHONE 7 — **BROWNELL'S** — PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

OUR BRANDS

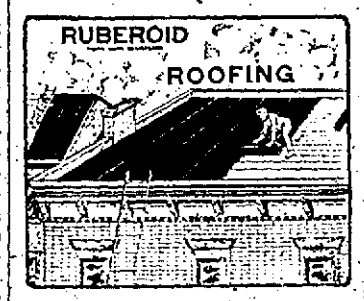
religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

**F. W. BROWNELL**

You get Better Values Here



## WHY




are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

**HOLMES & GILFILLAN**

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENNA.



——AT——

The Bisell Store

You will find
The Cresco Romper
Come and look them over.

"Cresco Romper"



## FIVE DAY EXCURSION
## NIAGARA FALLS
## $3.25

Spend Decoration Day at the Falls

Saturday, May 27th

via

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.

Trains leave Newton at 3:01 P. M.

# An Unadvisable Connection

## A Story of Heredity Told In 1950

By Martha V. Monroe

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Prior to the beginning of the present century no American occasionally sold one of our heiresses married to a member of the British aristocracy. Since that time marriages of English noblemen have largely been under two conditions. Those who have been interested in keeping up their family traditions have continued to come to the American market for wives. Those interested in making ducks and drakes of their family fortunes have selected their partners from those on the stage, principally of the London music halls. The following story illustrates what serious complications are now resultant from these unequal marriages:

Miss Mildred Strang, an American, an orphan and a prospective heiress to the estate of her maternal grandfather, [illegible] London during the social season. She [illegible] not her real name. Her mother had been divorced from [illegible] and resumed her maiden name. This resulted in the [illegible] clearly known. The separation between the parents had occurred a few months before Mildred was born, and her father's name was never mentioned to her. Indeed, when she went abroad he had so long ago lost all communion with his wife that very few persons knew anything about him or what had become of him.

Although notwithstanding that there were [illegible] her on her [illegible] was introduced into [illegible] of London society. She [illegible] as accomplished and with [illegible] the summer born that she [illegible] favorite. The same time [illegible] peculiar among women who laugh [illegible] nineteenth century and which was [illegible] the introduction of a game called "bridge" at the beginning of the present century, was in full blast in England during Miss Strang's advent. There seemed to be a weak spot in her in this respect, and it was not long before she was heavily in debt for money lost at cards. She was but nineteen years old and on an allowance from her guardian not sufficient to meet these demands. Furthermore, she was not to receive her estate until she married, and if she did not in the choice of a husband comply with certain provisions in the will the estate was to be used for charitable purposes.

PROPOSED TO MILDRED.

Miss Strang was busily engaged in staving off gambling debts when she met Sir Reginald Tweezerdale, whose title, earl of Tweezerdale, was one of the oldest in England. His father sat in the house of lords when it was abolished by the English people. Young Tweezerdale was as poor as a church mouse, but had such talents for entertaining people that he retained his social position. He could sing a comic song better than any copy in London and [illegible] delight at fashionable functions by the revival of a dance popular in the early years of the nineteenth century called the highland fling. In the garb of a Scotsman he would give this dance to perfection.

Lord Tweezerdale was by these slight accomplishments with difficulty maintaining himself in the London drawing rooms, while Mildred Strang was endeavoring to arrange for putting off her gambling debts until her marriage or when she should receive her inheritance. They met, and the result was a case of love at first sight.

Tweezerdale's uncle, John Foster, who had made a large fortune on the London Stock Exchange, had promised his nephew that if he would behave himself and settle down he would leave him the bulk of his fortune with which to reestablish the former splendor of the earls of Tweezerdale. But thus far the young man had shown no sign of meeting the requirements. He seemed more disposed to pay his way in society by singing a comic song or dancing a highland fling than by maintaining a steady gait and rehabilitating the family name.

There is nothing so well calculated to settle a young man as love, provided that love is in the right direction. Tweezerdale's love for Mildred Strang set him to thinking. Supposing he and she settled down together. His uncle would at once turn over sufficient property to match that which would come to Mildred on her marriage. There would be no reason why his uncle should object to Mildred except her gambling debts, and these might be concealed from him. Her fortune could be relied on to win him to the plan.

Tweezerdale proposed to Mildred that they should thus unite their fortunes. It did not occur to him that both the estates were "in the bush." Mildred threw herself into his arms and told him how happy she would be to do her part restoring the glory of the earls of Tweezerdale. Young Tweezerdale responded by expressing his joy at being able to pay her gambling debts.

The transports over the two settled down to business, or, rather, what they called business. But one item of serious importance engaged their attention—Mildred's gambling debts. Tweezerdale arranged a plan for putting them out of the way until after the nuptials and the double accession to fortune. He had a bank account. True, it was usually overdrawn, but he would get money from his bank to pay Mildred's most pressing debts by giving a draft on Paris. Before the note was due in Paris he would meet it with one on New York. The New York matter would be arranged by one on London. Thus he would keep chasing it around like a dog running after his tail till the day of the wedding.

The draft having been sent out on its first journey, Tweezerdale went to his uncle and announced his proposed marriage with an American heiress, to be followed by his settling down to more legitimate business, no more highland fling. Miss Strang was without reproach in London society, and her fortune would be forthcoming on the marriage day. Mr. Foster, who was a business man, told his nephew that he would look into the matter and let him know.

"There are certain reasons," the old gentleman added, "why I shall feel it best to [illegible] conditions to [illegible] to this union. I shall not [illegible] to your marriage with any girl whose family record is not perfectly clear. I don't [illegible] you to [illegible] a girl of noble family, for the Americans have no nobility. But I shall expect that her progenitors shall be or have been honorable people, standing well in their own community."

The preliminaries to this marriage in high life led to an attorney traveling from America to London. He brought with him a copy of the will of Edward Strang and met Mr. Foster, who was to make settlements for Tweezerdale.

"Before you mention the contents of the will," said Mr. Foster, "I will state my nephew's case, which I admit is somewhat peculiar. You will then be able to say at once whether this match can be made. The mother of the groom was a variety actress and was met by the boy's father, the last Lord Tweezerdale, when she was singing and dancing at a London music hall. He wasted half his fortune on her before their marriage, and she got away with the other half after marriage; divorced him, or he her—it doesn't matter which—and their son was born into the world inheriting a title with nothing to support it.

"It is on account of this misalliance and its results that I am not willing to settle on my nephew a fortune unless he marries a girl on whose lineage there is no such taint. Now that you have heard the only condition essential on my part I shall be happy to hear those made in the will."

The attorney smiled a grim smile and said:

"Miss Strang's father, George Chester, like that of her proposed husband, comes from the British aristocracy. At the time of her marriage to the daughter of the testator in the will he was heir to the Marquis of Buttermister. But the marquis, who was a widower with no children, married a second wife, who bore him children to inherit the title. At the time that he was heir to the marquisate he went to America for an heiress wife and married the testator's daughter, Mildred Strang's mother. Like others of your British aristocracy, he turned out badly. He gambled away the settlements, drank hard and ill treated his wife. She divorced him, and after the birth of an heir to the title he had expected he went to the then wilder part of America, where he sank lower and lower till he became lost to his former acquaintances. He met his death at the end of a rope thrown over a branch of a tree."

The attorney paused; the two men sat for a few moments looking at each other; then the former resumed:

"The testator has provided that his granddaughter shall inherit only in case she marries one who can show a record for steadiness, sobriety and intrinsic worth above the average man of his age; otherwise his property goes to charity."

After a few moments' silence Mr. Foster, rising, said:

"I regret, sir, that you have taken so long a journey with so unsatisfactory a result."

"I am well paid," was the reply.

When the result of this interview was communicated to the couple interested neither rejoiced, nor did they bid adieu to each other. They decided to be married and trust to luck for getting on in matrimony with no capital but their wits. The earl is now a comic song and dance man at swell entertainments, while the countess gives instruction in certain games of cards to the ladies of our first circles.

The fortunes they might have enjoyed have endowed institutions of charity. After all, are the ways of Providence in keeping up fortunes so inscrutable? Our ancestors decried these unions between British titles and American fortunes. In this case at least the poor has come to its own.

# A PAIR OF TWINS

### They Are Both Very Talented, and There Is Something Strange About Them

By Edith V. Ross

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When I was nineteen I went abroad and settled myself in Paris.

I studied in an art school for a winter and in the spring went to Switzerland, partly for rest and partly to sketch. One morning when I was staying at Lausanne I climbed to a position where I would get a view to put on canvas, and I set up my easel beside a road. While I was at work a girl about my own age, though of larger build, came along walking westward. Seeing me, she stopped and asked me in French if she was on the road to Geneva. I told her that she was, and, nothing that she was traveling alone, as I was, I felt drawn toward her. I asked her if she would come and rest beside me. She accepted the invitation and after glancing at my unfinished work threw herself on the grass near me.

I spoke of the danger of walking through the country without protection. That there was any danger in doing so did not appear to occur to her. She asked me what was my nationality, and when I told her I was an American she at once showed an eagerness to hear anything I would tell her about my country. But I found she could tell me more about the underlying principles on which our government rests than I could tell her.

SHE BEGAN TO QUESTION ME.

"What a grand thing it is," she said, "that union of free and independent states surrounding a common center at the capital. In the eastern hemisphere all points the other way, not from the periphery to the hub, but from the hub to the periphery. Our governmental centers inherited from a barbarous past, are merely a tax on the people. We pay a large price for them and get nothing in return. Our problem is to throw off these excrescences that have served their term of usefulness and are rotting like so many corpses."

I was astonished that a foreigner, a mere girl, had such a knowledge of our institutions and could state their superiority over those of European countries, while I, an American, had never thought about them. After telling me much of my own country of which I was ignorant she began to question me about customs of which she could have no knowledge without visiting America. She kept me talking on these matters till noon, then arose to go on.

"Come to my hotel," I said, "have luncheon with me and a rest afterward. You look both tired and hungry."

Instead of either accepting or declining my invitation, rising she said:

"That's what I like about you Americans. What Englishwoman would ask a stranger to share her comforts?"

With a smile that charmed me she continued her journey. I watched her as she went down the road, wondering where she could have picked up so much knowledge of the science of government. Though she was large and strong and seemed to be fearless, I could not understand how she dared tramp alone. Had she been of the peasant class I should not thought this so strange. But, judging from her dress and especially her intelligence, she doubtless belonged to the refined classes, whose women are allowed few privileges in respect to going about alone. When she came to a turn in the road she looked back, kissed her hand to me and disappeared.

Two weeks from that time I stepped out of a railroad train at Neuchatel and went to a pension. I was on my way to Paris, and since a single day's journey was too long for me I intended to stay overnight. Traveling alone, I always practiced stopping at pensions in preference to hotels. At dinner I was introduced to my fellow guests by the landlady. Opposite me, but near the other end of the table, sat a young man whose face was familiar to me. I looked at him so steadily that I attracted his attention. Finally he said to me:

"Mademoiselle, have we met before?"

"I don't know. I have certainly met some one very like you."

"I know of no man who resembles me, but several times this summer persons have told me that they have met a woman making a pedestrian tour who might be my twin sister. The singular part of it is that I have a twin sister whom I have not seen for some years. She left home when she was fifteen to study. She read so hard that she injured her brain and disappeared. If I can find any one who can tell me where she is to be found I will telegraph the police to hold her till I can reach her. Where did you meet her?"

He looked at me eagerly. What he said convinced me that the girl who had talked with me at Lausanne was this twin sister of his.

"Is she very intellectual?" I asked.

"Very. She has too much knowledge in her head. That's what broke down her health."

I told him of the girl walking to Geneva, and he left the table at once to go and telegraph the police of that city. I waited for him to come in, being anxious to discover if he had received a favorable reply. But he did not return before I went to bed. The next morning the landlady told me that he had returned late and left at 6 o'clock in the morning for Geneva. I was pleased at having put him on the track of his sister.

I went on to Paris, where I found the people making preparations to receive the czar of Russia, who was expected to be the nation's guest. The city was crowded with strangers. Coming out of the Luxemburg gallery one morning, whom should I see hurrying along the street but the girl I had talked with at Lausanne. I ran after her and stopped her. She stared at me, evidently not recognizing me.

"Don't you remember our meeting on Lake Leman?" I said. "I'm so glad I have found you again. At Neuchatel I planned to meet your brother. I told him he might find you at Geneva. He went there for that purpose."

"Tell me where I can find him!" she cried fiercely. "He has been pursuing me long enough. I will meet him and kill him!"

With that she hurried away. I looked about for a policeman intending to tell him who she was and ask him to take her in charge with a view to restoring her to her family, but before I could find one she had disappeared.

I was told that the czar while in Paris was worked unnecessarily by the police to prevent his assassination. Fortunately for him he completed his visit and returned to his capital unharmed. As soon as he was gone the French government must have felt that a great responsibility had been lifted from their shoulders.

Having spent the time I had intended on the continent, I went to England. A relative there who had married into one of the swell London families enabled me to see something of society. While at a ball one evening, walking with a gentleman, whom should I see approaching with a lady on his arm but the young man I had met at Neuchatel. As he passed me I intended to bow to him, but he failed to recognize me. This I attributed to his having seen me but once at a rather dimly lighted table and in traveling dress, whereas I was now sumptuously attired.

"Can you tell me who that gentleman is?" I asked my companion.

"Only that he is a Russian nobleman, Count Zeuizoff."

"I met him some time ago at Neuchatel."

"He was probably there studying at the aquarium. Many scientific men go there for observation, since the aquarium contains specimens that are to be found nowhere else."

"Let us turn and follow him," I said. "I wish to speak to him."

We turned and I saw the young count just bowing himself away from the lady he was with. Before I could reach him he had passed through a door, and I lost him. I did not see him again that evening, and when later I asked about him I was told that he had left the city.

When the London social season was over I sailed for America. About a week before I sailed we heard the news of the assassination of the hated Von Plehve in Russia.

Walking one day on deck where I could look through a window into a stateroom, I saw a girl standing before a mirror making her toilet. I dared not give more than a passing glance, for there were others close at hand. I walked on, and when I returned the curtains at the window through which I had looked were closed. I believed I had seen the girl I had met at Lausanne and afterward at Paris. But she did not leave her stateroom during the voyage, so I could not confirm my opinion.

Months after I reached America I was walking on Fifth avenue, New York, when I met the brother. He recognized me and advanced to speak with me. I asked him if he had found his sister and was about to give him the information I possessed concerning her when he stopped me by asking permission to call upon me. I gave it and received him the same evening.

He unraveled the mystery of himself and his sister and gave me an account of his life, though he left out the most important part in it, which I knew by inference. He and his sister were one. He was a Russian anarchist. Sometimes he traveled as a girl, sometimes as a man. This he did to elude the police. When I first met him he was on his way to Paris, where he hoped to get an opportunity to assassinate the czar. He knew me when I spoke to him there and pretended insanity. He failed in his Paris project and was recalled to Russia for a new duty. What that duty was he refrained from telling me, but I knew. Fleeing from Russia, he was just in time to reach the steamer on which I sailed and came over as a woman. He was a remarkably fascinating man, but I did not care to meet him again. There was blood on his hands.

### Begging the Price.

The man whose doctor had advised him to walk downtown in the morning looked scornfully at the panhandler who had held him up.

"You say you want money for your starving wife and children," he repeated. "Well, I don't believe you have any."

"Well, wot of it?" asked the beggar brazenly. "Wot if I am lyin'?"

The pedestrian gasped, but held to his purpose.

"I think you want this money only to buy liquor," he said.

"Wot if I do?"

"In that case you show yourself to be a liar, a vagabond and a drunkard—a man who is scarcely worth saving. But listen. Do you know that the liquor evil is, to a certain extent, its own corrective?"

"Wotcha drivin' at?"

"Just this. Scientists tell us that liquor is killing off the weak and inferior class. In that way you may be said to be doing some good. Do you"—

The beggar held out his hand.

"Stop right dere, mister," he said, "and help de good work along before you t'ink o' somepin' else"—Boston Traveler.

### Telephone Blunders.

"Have you any spare ribs?" was the question asked a Portland business man recently, when he took down the telephone receiver to answer a call. For a moment the business man thought he was the subject of some joke, but the sweet voice that asked the question reassured him, and he recalled that there was no mistake, so he hesitatingly answered:

"Yes, I have. I am not Adam, and I am not willing to give it, one of my ribs for any purpose."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," was the prompt reply. "I thought I had Black's meat market."

This incident brought forth a story about the chief of police of Oakland, Cal. Some years ago, when asked over the telephone if he had any beagles, he promptly informed said party that the police had more important things to do than to look after dogs, and that he was surprised that she wanted a butcher shop and not the chief of police.—Portland Oregonian.

### A Man Who Knew Everything.

Thiers, the French statesman, was a victim of many witticisms. None had stronger hold on him, says Mgr. Gabriel Hanotaux in "Contemporary France," than his desire to get everybody to recognize his universal competency.

Of an applicant for the post of director at the Sevres manufactory Thiers said:

"He is no more made for that part than I for"—and then he stopped.

"Ah, oh! M. Thiers," said his interlocutor, "you find it hard to say what you could not do."

"That's the truth! That's the truth!" cried the statesman gleefully.

One day Thiers said, speaking of a man who had been raised to a high function:

"He is no more suited for that office than I am to be a druggist. And yet," he added, catching himself up, "I do know chemistry!"

### Champion Egg Layers.

Many insects are extremely prolific. All of the order Hymenoptera, the bees and ants, lay large numbers, but they are easily excelled by the order Plecoptera, the stone flies, one female of which deposits from 5,000 to 6,000 eggs. But the champion egg layers are the insects embraced in the order Isoptera, the white ants. Dr. Howard states that these insects are called white ants because they are not ants and because they are not white, but he further goes on to tell us that the females of some of the African species grow to an enormous size, and their abdomen, swollen with eggs, becomes as big as a large potato. The rate at which the eggs are laid is extraordinary, being about sixty a minute, or $9,000 and upward a day.

### Rooms to Let Signs in Paris.

The Parisian householder who has more room than he requires does not simply put out a card printed in small type which will lure from across the street a weary man or woman who is in search of "unfurnished," but finds that here are only "furnished rooms" or the other way about. A white card on a Parisian dwelling means that furnished apartments are to let and all who run may read. A yellow card conveys to the passerby the knowledge that unfurnished lodgings are there available.—Boston Post.

### When Knighthood Was In Flower.

Mrs. Liteknight—Could you oblige me with a heavy hammer, a chisel, your pincers and half a dozen rivets? Mrs. Knightlight—Certainly. Are you doing a little sewing for the children? Mrs. Liteknight—No. My husband ripped his Sunday coat yesterday, and I want to mend it.

### Easier Way.

"Don't you think it must be a dreadful thing to live from hand to mouth?"

"I don't know. I live myself from hand to foot."

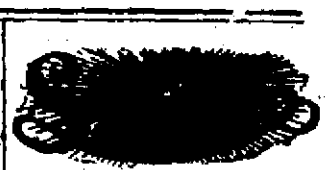
"How's that?"

"My tradesman hands out the bills, and my husband foots them."—Baltimore American.

### Stumble Upon Them.

Not by appointment do we meet delight and joy. They heed not our expectancy, but round some corner of the street of life they on a sudden greet us with a smile.—Gerald Massey.

Know that "impossible" has no place in the brave man's dictionary.—Carlyle.

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## STOPPING A NOSEBLEED.

**By This Method It Is Simply a Matter of Imagination.**

In many experiments carried on during the last few years it has been ascertained that the mind controls to a wonderful extent the flow of blood to any particular part of the body. The following experiment has been tried as many as ten times by me and has not failed once.

When the nose starts to bleed, immediately persuade yourself to believe that you are running with all your might up the steepest flight of steps you can think of or up a high hill; that is, just think of doing either of these things and doing it fast. Think at the same time that you are carrying a heavy piece of furniture with both hands and not thoughts of any other bodily exertion. You will be surprised at the quickness with which your trouble ends.

The explanation is that when we really start to run more blood is given to the arteries supplying the muscles of the legs than they were receiving while at rest. This has been proved. As the same thoughts in the mind produce approximately the same bodily effects, if one merely thinks to run, but does not run, the blood will go to the legs anyhow and away from the head, as desired.

There are many common experiences of secretions started by thoughts. If one looks at a lemon and thinks of sucking it his mouth immediately waters, and I have no doubt that many people who read this will have their mouths watering from the simple reading.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

## BUFFALO TONGUES.

**The Blackfoot Indians Used to Turn Them Into Hairbrushes.**

"Walrus whisker toothpicks and buffalo tongue hairbrushes!" the explorer cried.

And he displayed a packet of black toothpicks tied with a strip of red rawhide and a flat black hairbrush that seemed molded out of rubber.

"These two articles," said the explorer, "are of strictly native manufacture—native American manufacture. Take the toothpicks first. They are made by the Indians of Alaska. The Indians, whenever they kill a walrus, pluck from his face his long and stiff whiskers, cure them and ship them to the Chinese. At every fashionable Chinese dinner you will see the stately mandarins between each course picking their teeth with these walrus whisker toothpicks.

"It's the Blackfoot Indians who use buffalo tongue hairbrushes. A buffalo's tongue is rough. The spines on it make very good hairbrush bristles. And these bristles in a Blackfoot brush don't come out, for the Blackfoot simply skins his buffalo tongue, cuts it in hairbrush shape, cures it, and there you are.

Every Blackfoot in the past had his buffalo hairbrush. But these days are gone—gone with the buffalo herds—and where in the fifties you could buy a good buffalo tongue brush on the plains for a bottle of whisky you could now I doubt if you could get one new for a keg of firewater."—Washington Post.

**When Empress Eugenie Was Young.**

I was so lost in admiration of the wonderful Empress Eugenie, though dancing in the royal quadrille with the Russian consul I forgot to make the usual steps. Everything was symmetrically perfect in her, the slender, graceful figure with the beautifully modeled shoulders, which were enhanced by the white dress she wore, profusely embroidered with pearls and silver. Her exquisite shape attracted me perhaps even more than did the classically beautiful head, with the noble regular features and the auburn hair, upon which sparkled a royal diadem. Her charming smile bewitched me as much as did the few friendly words she addressed to me in her melodious voice.—Princess von Racowitz's Autobiography.

**The Torpedo Fish.**

The torpedo fish, known to scientists as the Torpedo electricus, are the electric catfish of the Nile. They can give an electric shock similar to that of an electric Leyden jar. This is useful to the fish in stunning prey and in confounding their enemies. This shock, like any other electricity, may be conducted through a metallic substance and is often unpleasant, though not dangerous. It is conveyed through an iron spear or knife, so that the person holding either of these implements may receive a shock when it comes in contact with the fish.—St. Nicholas.

**Giving Them Their Due.**

"It was simply a question of veracity between us," said the oldest inhabitant. "He said I was a liar, and I said he was one."

"Humph!" rejoined the village postmaster. "That's the first time I ever heard of either of you telling the truth."—London Mail.

**Their Views of It.**

He—Did you see the pleased expression on her face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter? She—No; I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face.—Detroit Free Press.

**When He Buys Chips.**

It isn't always patriotism that prompts a man's interest in the red, white and blue. Sometimes it's poker.—Philadelphia Record.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object, of a great mind.—Washington Allston.

## FRIED POTATOES.

**Sold on the Streets From Pushcarts in Parts of France.**

The street vending of pommes frites, or French fried potatoes, is peculiar to the northern part of France. Pommes frites take the place of peanuts and popcorn and are sold in much the same fashion. Not only is this trade carried on in some instances as a regularly established business, but workmen wishing to increase their earnings come out on the streets in the evening and sell these fried potatoes from pushcarts. Their profits often exceed their day's wages.

The pushcarts are of the ordinary type, but covered. A coke brazier is inserted through the flooring, over which is placed the large iron caldron holding the fat obtained from beef suet. Raw potatoes, after being pared, are pressed through a special cutting machine, coming out in long, narrow, four sided pieces. These are immediately put into the boiling fat and in several minutes are thoroughly cooked. They are then salted and sold in small paper cornucopias holding 1 or 2 cents' worth.

Pommes frites have the advantage that they supply a satisfying and nutritive meal for a few cents. This is especially appreciated by the mill employees during the noon hour, as they are thus enabled to have something hot with their otherwise cold lunches. Rather than go to the trouble of preparing the dish, to say nothing of filling the house with the odor of boiling fat, many families prefer to purchase the freshly cooked tubers from the nearest vender. These fried potatoes are not sold merely at mealtimes, but during the day, and are eaten like popcorn.—Consular Reports.

## BULL ANTS OF AFRICA.

**Elephants, Lions and Even Man Himself Flee From Them in Terror.**

In the vast equatorial forests of Africa the most dreaded of animals is the great bull ant. Unlike other ants, it carries nothing away; everything is eaten on the spot. Every kind of beast and reptile—elephants, lions, gorillas, snakes and man himself—flees before this terrible insect.

These ants march through the forests in a long thin column, two inches wide and miles in length. If they come to an open space where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun they burrow underground and form tunnels, through which they march on. It often takes as long as twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

Any creature overtaken is at once attacked with irresistible fury and instantly devoured. The strongest and the weakest, the most fierce and the most timid of creatures are alike their prey.

Natives overtaken by them seek refuge in the nearest river or pond. Yet even when the ants themselves are drowned their strong pincers refuse to relax their hold upon any flesh they may have attached themselves to, and, though their bodies are torn forcibly away, their heads remain.

Certain barbarous tribes, when a man is condemned for witchcraft, fasten him to a tree and leave him to the ants. When they have passed a skeleton alone is left to tell the tale.—Pearson's.

**Spoiled Her Romance.**

I was blessed with a romantic brain, and a quiet, even state of things could not satisfy me for long. So the thought suddenly entered my head to have my husband madly in love with me. One evening as we were promenading the bank of the Vistula, under those venerable trees which shaded the less unsophisticated loves of the beautiful Marie d'Arquin, I brought round the conversation to sentiment. I maintained that no happiness was possible on this earth except in a reciprocal attachment, both lively and enduring. My husband, after listening to me indulgently for a little while, looked at his watch, called my attention to the lateness of the hour, observed that our cousins were becoming very tiresome and that it was time to go in!—From Countess Potocka's Memoirs.

**Explained in Italian.**

A woman approached a policeman on Fourth avenue the other day and said, pointing to a wizened, forlorn looking Italian, "This man has asked me the way to Fourteenth street, but I can't make him understand how to get there."

"Sure. I'll explain to him in I-talian," said the policeman. "Look-a here, Michiel-a, you walk-a right on-a this street-a two block-a till-a you come-a to a beeg-a, wide street-a, and that is eet."

"Grazie!" acknowledged the Italian gratefully. "Me find-a heem!"—New York Press.

**The Sensitive Jester.**

"De Wooze seemed to get mad because I didn't laugh at that weazened joke of his."

"Humor him when you can. You see, De Wooze is the sort of humorist that expects somebody to smash the bass drum every time he chortles a pun."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Time and Money.**

The counterfeiter was in prison for ten years.

"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor.

"Passing time."

"Ah! What for?"

"Passing money." And the visitor passed on.

Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set.—Bacon.

## PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT.

**His Wife Was the Artist, and the Result Wasn't Flattering.**

A suburbanite but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea, and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the lady turn a startled look upon him and then hurry away, and the horrible idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife waiting for him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me and said, 'All right, dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain when an idea came to him.

"What sort of man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped upon every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—London Tit-Bits.

## FIGHT SHY OF A RAT.

**Let the Rodent Escape Rather Than Run the Risk of a Bite.**

"Never attack a rat in a closed room," says an old warehouseman who has had a world of experience in dealing with rodents. "Open a door or window and give it a chance to get away. Even if you've got a dog to help you, you may be bitten if you don't. Rat bites are very dangerous. A rat eats all sorts of carrion and filth and then puts his dirty whiskers into anything else he wants to sample.

"Here's another idiosyncrasy of rats. They logically carry out the principle of the survival of the fittest. And they are not merely suffragettes or suffragists, but the females absolutely boss the rat tribe. The slightest token of physical weakness in the baby rat is the signal for death at the teeth of its mother. About five rats survive from a nest of ten or fifteen. The male rat will fight to save the little ones, but is invariably driven off by the ferocity of the mother. You never saw a rat yet that wasn't a perfect specimen. If the mothers did not have this trait the earth would be overrun with rats.

"Rats live and travel in colonies. The head of the group is always an old female rat. When I start to clean up a settlement of rats I lay for the head female rat. If I catch and kill her the others disappear."—New York Times.

**The Bear He Missed.**

Telling in his book of some hunting experiences near the north pole, Captain Sverdrup wrote: "Walruses and seals were harpooned and shot and also the large arctic hare, which seems to have contracted the peculiar habit of frequently running long distances on its hind legs. Hunting was not always easy, the atmosphere playing strange tricks with the eyesight, as witness the following account of the stalking of a bear: 'With the utmost caution, with his gun ready and his eye fixed inexorably on the bear, Sertet advanced to the spot. Meanwhile the bear sat wagging its head, but keeping a good lookout. It appeared to me when Sertet had come some twenty steps nearer it rose and flew away. It flew as well as any bird, which, after all, was not remarkable, for it was a glaucous gull.'"

**Helping Her Out.**

A young lady boarder in a country household lamented the absence of letters. Catching little Melba, the pet of the household, up in her arms, she said:

"Precious, nobody loves me; I guess I'll go out in the garden and eat worms."

The next day Miss Alice was interrupted by a low knocking at the door. In answer to her summons Melba entered, grasping a large chip carefully in both hands. The child said:

"Miss Alice, bad postman not bring you any letter; here's free big worms. Now you won't have to go out in the garden.—Los Angeles Times.

**A Splurge Anyhow.**

"So you employed the most expensive soloists you could find for your musical!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls insisted on it. I don't know whether their idea was to show that we do care for art or that we don't care for money."—Washington Star.

**Important.**

"You seem anxious lately. In love?"

"You've guessed it."

"Trying to get up nerve enough to propose?"

"No; trying to get up nerve enough to ask my boss for a salary raise."—Washington Herald.

**But He Probably Did.**

"Father," said the youth, according to a writer in the Boston Transcript, "I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objection?"

"No, provided you don't draw on me."

## PREPARED FOR DEFEAT.

**Precautions General Taylor Took Before Meeting Santa Anna.**

Santa Anna was the greatest military leader the Mexicans have ever known. Santa Anna, with 25,000 veterans, went into the battle of Buena Vista with the avowed purpose of exterminating the entire army of the United States, and there was no doubt in the mind of Santa Anna that this great feat could be accomplished with comparative ease. General Taylor, with his 5,000 men, prepared for the unequal contest, and not only defended himself successfully, but won a substantial victory from his aggressive antagonists and drove them from the battlefield of Buena Vista.

Some time after the battle was fought and the Mexican war concluded General Taylor was criticised for having made no preparations for the retreat of his army in the event of defeat. General Taylor promptly replied: "I made every preparation necessary for the battle of Buena Vista. I wrote my will, and so did nearly every man in my army. If we had not won that battle, we would have needed no lines of retreat. It was, from our standpoint, victory or annihilation. The only preparation necessary for the contingency of defeat at Buena Vista was that we should write our wills."

## MAN AND THE WORLD.

**A Very Small Graveyard Would Hold the Whole Human Family.**

How little mankind signifies in the scheme of nature is shown by a rather morose calculation of the Italian Professor Zuccarini, who has figured out, among other things, that estimating the world's population as 1,500,000,000 the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of 500 square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past 6,000 years as 200, the room taken up by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Germany, or for the sake of comparison less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would need a graveyard little larger than that area.

If the dust left by each body be estimated at one-tenth cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only forty square miles to a depth of about three feet. This certainly seems insignificant compared with the great coral reefs and other immense deposits built up by the shells of tiny infusoria.—New York Sun.

**His Security.**

When Eben Foster asked Squire Lane to lend him $200 to invest in the dry goods business the squire dryly inquired what Mr. Foster had to offer him in the way of security.

"Security?" said Eben, with an air of injured dignity. "Well, squire, I'll tell you what I have to offer—three solid silver teaspoons, a handsome brass warming pan, a pair of decalcomany vases, large size, and the material for as much as three feather beds, if not four, right on the backs o' my flock o' geese, an' five Plymouth Rock hens.

"You can call 'em all yours till I pay the money back, an' I'll take care of 'em for you free of charge. I don't know what anybody could want more'n that for security."—Youth's Companion.

**The American Indian.**

The old question of the origin of the red man of America is still an open one, the last word by no means having been said. The most probable theory is that which links the Indian with the Mongolaids of East Africa, whose physical characteristics are strikingly similar to those of the American aborigine. Between the Indian and the Japanese there are many pronounced resemblances, and some excellent authorities are of the opinion that it was from that eastern race that the Indian originally sprung. If, as some think, the Eskimos are the best representatives of the Indian as he was upon his arrival here, the theory of the Japanese origin is immensely strengthened, since the likeness between the Eskimo and the Japanese is striking indeed.—New York American.

**Logic of the Land.**

A specimen of rustic reasoning which is too good to lose is recorded in Mr. R. L. Gales' "Studies in Arcady." "A barber," he says, "was telling me with great gusto how he had refuted an atheist. I inquired what arguments he had employed.

"'I asked the atheist,' said the barber, 'what portion of the Scriptures he based his ideas upon.'

"'What did he say to that?'

"'Never a word.'

"The defeat had been crushing and final."

**Not Her Kind.**

"Have you heard," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Grace Moneylove has married an octogenarian?"

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Justrich. "Is that so? Well, he may be all right, but I want to tell you I've never seen a man who wouldn't eat meat that I'd live with."—Judge.

**Not to Blame.**

Lady—But this fish isn't fresh! Fishmonger—And whose fault is that? I offered it to you at the beginning of the week and you wouldn't have it then.—London Telegraph.

The mind ought sometimes to be amused that it may the better return to thought and to itself.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

**Even the World's Most Ancient Book Laments That They Have Fled.**

A priceless manuscript of eighteen pages, found in an Egyptian monument and published in facsimile in France about the year 1847, is thought to be the oldest book in the world.

Procured at Thebes by Prisse d'Avennes and presented by him to the national library at Paris, it is usually called the "Papyrus Prisse," from the name of the donor. As the manuscript was found in a monument of the eleventh dynasty, it must be anterior to the shepherd kings and therefore older by many centuries than the time of Moses—older even than the date usually assigned to Abraham—and so of all existing books it would be the most ancient. The words of every page, though believed to have been written 4,000 years ago, are intensely black to this day and in a bold, round hand.

By a curious irony this echo from the very childhood of the world laments the good old times that had passed away. The author, who was a prince of the royal blood, gives warning to the young and declares that the words of ancient wisdom should be the daily food of children and grown men alike. Humility and obedience he makes to be the foundation of all virtue.—Christian Science Monitor.

## PATTI STOOD PAT.

**The Diva Wouldn't Cut Her Rates, but Suggested an Alternative.**

Patti once was waited upon at her hotel by a famous minstrel magnate, Colonel J. H. Haverly, whose ambition had been aroused to secure the diva for a concert tour under his direction. Madame received him most graciously, and the two began discussing the details.

"May I ask your terms for fifty nights, Mme. Patti?" Haverly asked.

"For concert or for opera?" the diva asked.

"For concert," Haverly replied.

"Four thousand a night, or $200,000 for fifty nights, one-half to be deposited on signing the contract," was Patti's deliberate response.

Haverly tried to appear composed, but it was too much of an effort.

"Two hundred thousand for fifty nights! Heavens, madame, that is just four times as much as we pay our president of the United States!" he cried.

"Well," the divine one answered, "why don't you get the president to sing for you?"

Haverly died.—Robert Grau in Musical America.

**Seeing Is Doubting.**

"Seeing is believing, eh?" said an oculist. "Well, no saw was ever more absurd than that. You see a horse's head and a door barrel, and you believe the barrel is longer than the horse's head, don't you? Well, it isn't. The horse's head from the tips of his ears to the end of his nose is longer than the barrel by a considerable distance. Architects have to deceive the eye in order to make it appear that their buildings are symmetrical. They make walls lean in that they may appear vertical. They make windows wider at the top. They make columns thicker in the middle than at the summit or base. And the top lines of a building, in order to appear plumb to the silly eye of man, must be raised up quite a lot in the center.

"Seeing is believing, indeed!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Apple Pie Without Apples.**

A guest at an old fashioned home dinner was eulogizing apple pie and her hostess when another guest, who had been a California pioneer, recalled the "apple" pie given the children of 1852 to appease their homesick cravings when apples were a dollar a pound. It was made by breaking four soda crackers into an earthen bowl and pouring over them a pint of cold water rendered very tart by citric acid. When soft the crackers were laid on a pie plate on the undercrust. Over them were sifted two tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar and a little allspice and cinnamon. A pretty perforated top crust was added, and in a few minutes a perfect apple pie was taken from the oven to delight young and old.—New York Sun.


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JAMES [illegible], Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The [illegible] are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates [illegible].

**COMMERCIAL HOUSE,**
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

**C. J. Vanblad**
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.


Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

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We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

## TO OPEN OLEAN OFFICE.

**Herrick Agency of Bolivar Will Open An Office in Olean, N. Y., June 1.**

The Herrick Agency of Bolivar, the successful real estate business established at Bolivar four years ago by John P. Herrick, will open an office in Olean, N. Y., on June first. The office will be located in suite 306 in the Masonic Temple block, and be in personal charge of Mr. Herrick. An office will be maintained at Bolivar, but all correspondence will be conducted from the Olean office and all mail should be addressed to Olean, N. Y., after June 1. The office is opened in Olean for the convenience of the many clients of the agency who find it more convenient to visit Olean than Bolivar, owing to Olean's excellent railroad and trolley facilities.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 20th, 1911:

Bender, Miss Ada

Curehill, L. P.

Driscoll, Mr. Edward.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

## AN ILL MATED PAIR.

**Wide Apart In Temperament Were Thomas and Jane Carlyle.**

That the Carlyles were an ill assorted couple no one could deny. She was a highly strung, nervous woman, very quick, able and impatient, disappointed with her married life and her position, jealous of the admiration which Carlyle received at the hands of all his admirers, especially of one or two women, whom she found very unsympathetic.

That Carlyle adored her there is little doubt. He loved her with all the rough, passionate power of his nature, but he was a peasant in manner and character and lacking in all the little outward signs of devotion and affection which so many women exact and the absence of which they resent most bitterly.

Mrs. Carlyle found herself tied to an irritable genius who, sensitive at every point, deeply devoted to her, but absolutely incapable of translating that love into the language which she craved and longed for. I remember her once saying to me in a bitter way, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a philosopher," and that was the key to the enigma—the woman always hungering for proofs of the devotion in which the whole of her daily life was wanting.—From Lady St. Helier's "Memories."

### *Physiognomy Not Reliable.*

I am a profound disbeliever in physiognomy. Features are false witnesses. Stupidity frequently wears a mask of intelligence. I know business men who look like poets and poets who look like business men. Men of genius invariably look like idiots, and if you pick out the man who looks most eminent in a party you are sure to find he is a nobody. I always distrust men who look magnificent. Nature is a stingy creature. She seldom gives a man the double gift of being great and looking great. She took care to lame Byron and deform Pope and disfigure Johnson. But the crowning example of her jealous parsimony is Shakespeare. I have always been disappointed with Shakespeare's face. It does not live up to his poetry. It is dull, heavy and commonplace.—From "Adventures in London."

### The Mistake.

In his biography of Alexandre Dumas Harry A. Sperr says that the improvident French author, who hated avarice, was once waiting in line for his cloak at a soiree when he saw a millionaire give a tip of 50 centimes (10 cents) to the servant who handed out his paletot. Dumas, getting his cloak, threw down a 100 franc note. "Pardon, sir; you have made a mistake, I think," said the man, offering to return the note. "No, no, friend," answered Dumas, casting a disdainful glance at the millionaire; "it is the other gentleman who has made the mistake."

### Shakespeare In France.

I once stumbled upon a choice bit of French quotation from Shakespeare. It was a tale by Pehard.

The distinguished author of this tale rendered "Frailty, thy name is woman" by "Fragilite, c'est le nom d'une femme" ("Fragility, that is the name of a woman").—Strauss.

### A Woman's Compliment.

"I admire your hair, dear."

"Thanks."

"But isn't it a good deal of trouble to find that peculiar shade in the shops?"—Washington Herald.

### So Gentle and Nice.

"You have no idea," said Ethel, "how my poor head hurts me."

"Well," said her friend, "why don't you take your hair off and rest it?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Not Golden.

The power of speech is a gift vouchsafed to man alone, and the effect of it is to render silence, perhaps the grandest thing in all the world, a bore to him.—Puck.

## BAFFLED THE INDIANS.

**An Old Army Paymaster's Safe That Was Apache Proof.**

Years ago in the west, when the government sent out safes for the use of its army paymasters in remote districts, it was the custom for the paymaster in cavalry service to ride in an ambulance with the safe, escorted by a guard of six mounted men.

On one occasion such a guard was attacked by a large force of Apache Indians. Two men were killed, and the Indians captured the ambulance with the safe. This safe contained about $8,000 in greenbacks, and it weighed some 400 pounds and had a combination lock.

Now, the Indians in question had never seen a safe at close quarters until this one happened along, but they knew that it contained money; also they wanted that money.

They first pounded off the knob with stones, under the impression that the door could then be pried open. Their attempt was, of course, a failure. The next step was to try their tomahawks on the chilled steel in the hope that a hole might be cut in it. This means, too, proved of no avail, so they determined to try fire. Accordingly, they gave the safe a three hour roasting. Luckily for the government, it was fireproof. They threw big rocks upon it while it was hot, but they were as far from the money as ever.

Next the Apaches dragged the safe up the side of a mountain and tumbled it over a precipice 200 feet high. They expected, of course, to see it burst open, but the only damage was a slight injury to one of the wheels. The safe was left soaking in the river for three or four days, and great was the Indians' disappointment at finding themselves still baffled.

Then they tried gunpowder; but, knowing nothing of the art of blasting, they brought about an explosion that burned half a dozen warriors and left the safe none the worse.

The Indians worked over that safe off and on for a month or more, but failed to get at the inside. Finally, in disgust, they left it in a deep ravine.

Fourteen months later, when peace came, the army accidentally found the safe. It was lying in the bed of a creek with a great pile of driftwood around it. It was a sad looking safe, but when opened showed its contents intact.—Harper's Weekly.

## PUZZLED THE LINGUIST.

**A Hindu Dialect Story That Appeared In the London Times.**

John Walter of the London Times once found a unique way out of a difficulty brought about by a strike of compositors and pressmen. At the critical moment, it appears, the "copy" fell short by half a column. There was none at hand ready to utilize, and time pressed. It was really an inspiration that came to Walter. He laid hold of a column of "pi" (spilled type that has been reset in a jumbled mass to facilitate distribution back into the type cases) and prepared it in the most expeditious way, so that it might pass muster for an article in a foreign tongue. He ran it in with a few lines of introduction, stating that this incomprehensible mass was a paper in some Hindustance dialect, translation of which would follow in due course. No translation, it is superfluous to say, ever appeared.

Many years later, long after Walter had forgotten this incident, he was visiting in Cheshire, where he was introduced to a most learned pundit and oriental scholar. "Ah," said this gentleman, "I have long and ardently wished to solve a problem that has puzzled me for years." And he drew from his pocket a tattered clipping of Walter's "pi," indicating to the embarrassed proprietor of the Times that the alleged Hindustance article had baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to decipher; although he had tried every known dialect of the language. There was nothing for Walter to do but flee, which he did without ceremony.

### A Tough Meal.

Tastes differ strangely from age to age. Flamingoes' tongues are said to have been an epicurean luxury in Roman days, but the authors of "Unexplored Spain," who experimented with them, found no pleasure in the meal. "The tongue," they say, "is a thick fleshy organ, filling the whole cavity of the mandibles, and furnished with a series of flexible, bony spikes or hooks nearly half an inch long and curving inward. We found them quite ungetatable—tough as India rubber. Even our dogs refused to eat the delicacy."

### Missed the Oil Cup.

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding the oil can, beamed upon him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick, old man," said the helpful friend.

"Cylinder!" said the motorist heatedly. "That wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Foiled!

"The last time I was in New York I entertained at dinner at a swell cafe a country cousin. When we got outside he said to me: 'Do you know you accidentally dropped 80 cents on the table just as you left?' That thief of a waiter tried to grab it, but I beat him to it.'"—Atchison Globe.

### Before a Shop Window.

Billy—Buy me that little rocking horse, papa. Papa—If you are a good boy you shall have it for your next birthday. Billy—No. Buy it now. I may have a new papa before my next birthday.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

of the

**MAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,** of Smethport, Pa., Main Street, of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business April 29, 1911.

**Resources.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Reserve Fund: | | |
| Cash, Specie and Notes | | $ 15926 95 |
| Due from Approved Reserve Agents | 51392 19 | |
| Legal securities at par | 27300 00 | $94618 14 |
| Nickels and cents | | 557 78 |
| Checks and cash items | | 202 91 |
| Due from Banks and Trust Cos. not in reserve | | 9119 87 |
| Commercial paper, purchased, viz: | | |
| Upon one name | $ 72709 33 | |
| Upon two or more names | 1075 00 | 73784 33 |
| Loans upon call with collateral | | 3515 00 |
| Time loans with collateral | | 102511 85 |
| Loans secured by bonds and mortgages | | 35526 19 |
| Loans without collateral | | 134941 23 |
| Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz: | | |
| Bonds, Stocks, etc. | $205280 37 | |
| Mortgages and judgments of record | 35881 66 | 241162 03 |
| Office Building and Lot | | 17211 91 |
| Furniture and fixtures | | 2581 25 |
| Overdrafts | | 1122 31 |
| Book value of reserve securities above par | | 1113 90 |
| Total. | | $570949 73 |

**Liabilities.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | | $250000 00 |
| Surplus fund | | 100000 00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid | | 41228 05 |
| Deposits subject to check (exclusive of Trust Funds) | $212192 04 | |
| Time Certificates of Deposit (Exclusive of Trust Funds | 20485 49 | 301371 23 |
| Due to Commonwealth | | 20000 00 |
| Treasurer's and Certified Checks outstanding | | 3147 45 |
| Total. | | $570949 73 |

Total Trust Funds, None

**Corporate Trusts.**

Total amount of face value of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Duplicate Trusts $ 67000 00

State of Penna, County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1911.

(Signed) HALLIE WALKER, Notarial Seal. Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed) H. H. REDFIELD,
(Signed) JAS. A. McKEAN,
(Signed) CHAS. McKEAN,
Directors.

## SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 5th, 1911,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, with the improvements thereon, situate in the fourth ward of the borough of Kane, County of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, on the east side of Chase street, between Kinzua avenue and Dawson street, fronting on said Chase street two hundred fifteen feet, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the intersection of the east line of Chase street with the west line of Dawson street; thence southwardly along the west line of Dawson street; to the intersection of the west line of Dawson street; with the north line of Kinzua avenue; thence westwardly along the north line of Kinzua avenue to the intersection of the north line of Kinzua avenue with the east line of Chase street; thence northwardly along the east line of Chase street to the place of beginning and being a lot of ground triangular in shape bounded by Chase street, Dawson street and Kinzua avenue.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Kane Hose Company No. 3, owner or reputed owner &c., at suit of The Borough of Kane.

Chas. G. Hubbard, Plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the center of Vine Street, North sixty-one and one-half (61½) degrees East, twenty (20) feet from the southeast corner of land conveyed by V. R. Vanderhule and wife to Samuel W. Smith; Thence by the east line of the alley North 28½ degrees West, ten perches to a post corner; Thence North 61½ degrees East, four perches, and fourteen and one half links to a post corner; Thence south 28½ degrees East, ten perches to the center of Vine Street; Thence by the center thereof, South 61½ degrees West four perches, and fourteen and one half links to the place of beginning. Containing 91 square perches strict measure, be the same more or less.

Also, Beginning at a post the Northwest corner of a lot of land conveyed by V. R. Vanderhule and wife to Charles A. Anderson by deed bearing date October 21st, 1892; Thence by the East line of the Alley North 28½ degrees West ten perches to a post corner in the center of the street (not names); Thence by the center thereof North 61½ degrees East, four perches and fourteen and one half links to a post corner; Thence South 28½ degrees East ten perches to the Northwest corner of land of C. A. Anderson aforesaid; Thence South 61½ degrees West four perches and fourteen and one half links to the place of beginning. Containing 91 square perches strict measure, be the same more or less.

Having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Carl A. Anderson at suit of Citizens National Bank of Port Allegany, Pa.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a corner in the West line of Lot No. 255, of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating (formerly Otto) Township; Thence North 3-4 degrees East, 104.5 perches; Thence along line of Lot No. 256, North 89 degrees West 65.5 perches; Thence along line of lot No. 255, North 89 1-4 degrees West 106.3 perches; Thence along other lands formerly of the Bingham Estate, South 1 degree West 102.5 perches; Thence South 89 1-4 degrees East 171.4 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 105.3 acres with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads; be the same more or less. Being Lot No. 252 of the Allotment of Bingham lands in Keating (Formerly Otto) Township and part of Warrant No. 2255, and being the same lands conveyed to Theodore H. Moore by Helen M. Morse and others, Widow and heirs at law of Henry Morse, deceased, by deed dated August 22th, 1901, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 116, Page 298, McKean County Records.

Improved and having thereon. Two large frame barns, the foundations of a house burned down, seven oil wells and fixtures appurtenant thereto, three oil tanks, a quantity of fruit trees and well watered.

The above described premises will be sold subject to the interests therein of the lessees or their assigns, under and by virtue of a certain oil and gas lease, made and executed by Theodore H. Moore to J. E. Berkheimer, M. D. Wright and T. R. Moore, dated April 1st, 1900, and recorded February 13th, 1901, in Deed Book Vol. 127, page 463, McKean County Records, for that portion of the above described premises bounded as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the tract; thence North to Yeardon and Bingham corner; thence East to Moore and Wright corner; Thence southwest to the place of beginning. Containing 51 acres more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Theodore H. Moore at suit of Miles Isadore Moore, Trustee, now for use of M. J. Dunn, Trustee by virtue of Judgment entered on a bond accompanying a certain mortgage given to the said Miles Isadore Moore on the above described premises, dated August 27th, 1901, and recorded October 23rd, 1901, in Mortgage book Vol. 32, page 20, &c., McKean County records.

C. F. Haughney, Sheridan Gorton, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the North line of Water Street at the Southwest corner of lands of Mary Keefe; Thence North eight (8) rods to the center of the square; Thence West three (3) rods; Thence South eight (8) rods to the said North line of Water Street; Thence East along said line three (3) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty four square perches of land, be the same more or less; and being part of square No. 82, according to the original plot of said borough. Being the same premises conveyed to the party of the first part by Lucretia A. Freeman, by deed dated October 31st, 1859, and recorded in deed book Vol. 101, at page 539, &c.

Improved and having erected one two story frame building used as a shop and hall, one small frame building used as a carpenter shop.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank Kerns, at suit of Harriett C. Saunders, et al, executors of the estate of W. J. Colegrove, deceased.

John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 3230 and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a post one hundred sixty eight (168) feet East of the East line of Welsh Street on the South side of Hazard Street and thirty (30) feet from the center thereof; thence North seventy (70) degrees and ten (10) minutes East fifty (50) feet to a post; thence South nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes East one hundred twenty (120) feet to a post; thence south seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes West fifty (50) feet to a post; thence North nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes West one hundred twenty (120) feet to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand square feet of land more or less, and being lot four (4) as laid out in a plot of lands of M. W. Moffitt and G. W. Campbell made by M. J. Dill, surveyor, on July 14, 1898. Being the same premises which G. W. Campbell and wife, Joshua Davis and Tryphena Moffitt, Executors, by their deed dated December 2, 1901, sold to Anna S. Nelson, party hereto, as by reference being thereunto had more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having erected thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Anna S. Nelson at suit of John M. Farrell.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of subdivision No. 382 in Warrant No. 2366 and being part of lot No. 67 and further described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of Elk Avenue and Poplar Street; thence north along the east line of Elk Avenue one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence east one hundred thirty five (135) feet to land heretofore conveyed by Herman Nordahl and wife to Oscar Nelson; thence south along the west line of said Oscar Nelson's land one hundred (100) feet to a point in the north line of said Poplar Street; thence west along said north line of Poplar Street one hundred thirty five (135) feet to the place of beginning. Containing thirteen thousand five hundred square feet (13500 sq. ft.) of land, more or less, and having thereon erected a one and one half story frame dwelling house. Being the same property conveyed by the said Herman Nordahl and wife to Ernest F. Carlson by deed dated September 27, 1904, McKean County, in Deed Book Vol. 130, and recorded in the Recorder's office of page 293, etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ernest F. Carlson at suit of Michael Galvin.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that tract of land beginning at a Hemlock at the southeast corner of lot No. 77 of the allotment of the land of the Bingham Estate in Otto Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, conveyed to Lawrence Ellis; thence along the south line of said lot north 89 degrees and ¾ west 100 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 255 and the east line of lot No. 216 conveyed to Henry E. Prentis south 88 perches and 3-10; thence along the north line of lot 254 conveyed to Ambros Niles Taylor south 88 degrees east 100 perches; thence along the west line of warrant No. 2088 north 89 perches and 1-10 to the place of beginning. Containing 53 acres and 3-10 of an acre, with the usual allowance of six per cent.

Also all that tract or parcel of land situate in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of lot 187; thence south 20 perches to a post; thence west forty perches to a hemlock corner; thence north 20 perches; thence east 40 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 5 acres of land, being the same land described in deed book 15, page 9, etc.

The first described piece having thereon 2 Oil Wells.

The second described piece, the royalty of 2 Oil Wells.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Hiram Dean, at suit of Ella T. Dean, assignee of the Exchange National Bank of Olean, N. Y., a corporation.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post the Southwest corner of lot No. 70 deed to Ellsha Mix; thence south 62 perches to a post; the Northeast corner of lot No. 67, deed to O. F. Maxon; thence West 163.1 perches to the southwest corner of lot No. 64; thence North 61 perches to a hemlock the Northwest corner of the same; thence east 163.1 perches to a post, the southeast corner of lot No. 155, deed to Thomas Eastman; thence South 2 perches to a post the Southwest corner of lot No. 70; thence East 50 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 65 acres strict measure be the same more or less, being lots Nos. 64 & 151 of the allotment of the lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres Township, and part of Warrants Nos. 2285 & 2217.

Less the following, conveyed to Nelson F. Eastman by deed of April 3, 1908, and recorded in Deed Book 138, page 72 &c. Beginning in the center of the Public road at the Northwest corner of lot No. 155, of the Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest Lands, thence West 15 rods to a post corner; thence north 16 rods to a post; thence east about 15 rods to center of the road; thence by road to place of beginning. Containing about 1½ Acres.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house with ell, one frame barn and usual outbuildings, 1 oil well, small orchard, about 25 acres improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank Eastman at suit of Tessie M. Eastman, use of J. E. Hixford.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

10.

Defendants' interest in First: All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, Bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake on the East side of Park Place one hundred eight feet (108) South from Poplar street; thence south along Park Place forty-six feet (46) to a corner; thence east ninety seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in) to a corner; thence North forty-six feet (46) to lot sold Mathew Burkhardt; thence west along line of Mathew Burkhardt's lot ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to place of beginning. Containing four thousand four hundred eighty-eight and five-sixth square feet of land more or less. Improved and having erected thereon a two story frame dwelling house. Being the same property conveyed by W. J. Lawrence and C. T. Lawrence to Frank G. Helsel and John Helsel and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 147 at page 330, &c.

Second. All that certain piece or parcel of land laying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the piece described lot; thence South along Park Place forty-six feet, (46) to land owned by George Welker; thence east along George Welker's line ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to corner; thence north forty-six feet (46) to corner of lot first above described; thence west ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to place of beginning containing four thousand four hundred eighty-eight and five-sixth square feet of land more or less being lots Nos. 7 and 8 on a map of Alameda Grounds surveyed and laid out by Lawrence Brothers, of Kane, Pennsylvania. Being the same property conveyed by W. J. Lawrence and C. T. Lawrence to Frank G. Helsel and John Helsel and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 147 at page 328 &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank G. Helsel and John Helsel at suit of use of First National Bank of Tuwanda, Pennsylvania, a corporation.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 17, 1911.

## LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made by Peter V. Flatin for the transfer of the retail hotel license granted at No. 74, June Sessions, 1911, to John Fedanzolo, for a building known as The Bradford House, situate on the North side of Main Street, in the Borough of Lewis Run, McKean County, Pa., and that said application will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at the Judge's Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on May 27th, 1911, at one o'clock P. M. The said Peter V. Flatin is by occupation a clerk and his residence is Lewis Run Borough, County and State aforesaid.

V. B. BOUTON,
Attorney for Applicant.

May18-21

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 93, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Iowa Blue Lilly, did on the 17th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Frank Lilly.

We therefore command you, the said James Frank Lilly, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Iowa Blue Lilly and show cause if any you have, why the said Iowa Blue Lilly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Mullin & Woods, Libellant's Attys.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 90, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Vallie E. Baker, did on the 6th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ernest E. Baker.

We therefore command you, the said Ernest E. Baker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Vallie E. Baker, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 109, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Maud O'Herron, did on the 11th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you William J. O'Herron.

We therefore command you, the said William J. O'Herron, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Maud O'Herron and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Maud O'Herron, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

## NOTICE.

**In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.**

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean, on Monday, the 5th day of June, A. D. 1911, at two o'clock P. M., under the corporate Act of April 9th, 1856, P. L. 328, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements to and amendments thereof, for a decree dissolving the corporate existence of BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY, a corporation created and existing under the laws of this Commonwealth, having its principal place of business at Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, and extinguishing all and singular its franchises, privileges and powers.

V. B. BOUTON,
FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
Solicitors.

May 11-31

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 23, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Iowa Blue Lilly, did on the 17th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Frank Lilly.

We therefore command you, the said James Frank Lilly, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Iowa Blue Lilly and show cause if any you have, why the said Iowa Blue Lilly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 102, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Francis Watters, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Watters.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Watters, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clara Francis Watters and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Francis Watters, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 103, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Chauncey B. Rook, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ruth B. Rook.

We therefore command you, the said Ruth B. Rook, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Chauncey B. Rook, and show cause if any you have, why the said Chauncey B. Rook, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 113, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Daisy Deemer, did on the 18th day of Aug., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth that she might have annulled the supposed or alleged marriage entered into with you, the said William E. Deemer.

We therefore command you, the said William Deemer, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Daisy Deemer, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Daisy Deemer, your supposed or alleged wife should not have the supposed bonds of matrimony absolutely annulled. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Mullin & Woods, Libellant's Attys.

## NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 20, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Vallie E. Baker, did on the 6th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ernest E. Baker.

We therefore command you, the said Ernest E. Baker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Vallie E. Baker, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.


G. H. DENNING

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